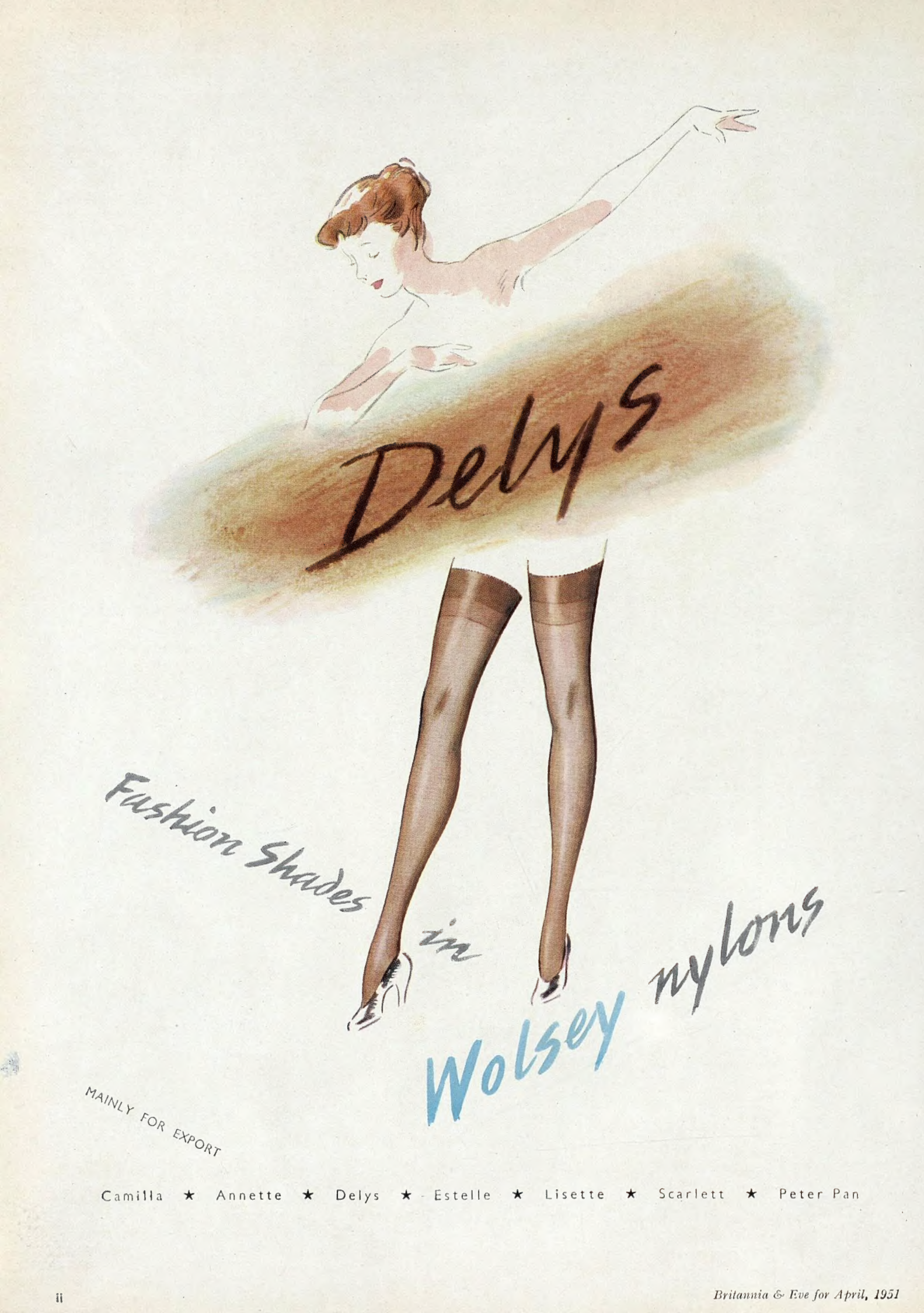
BRITANNIA and EVE

APRIL, 1951

TWO SHILLINGS


Delys
Fashion Shades in
Wolsey nylons
MAINLY FOR EXPORT
Camilla ★ Annette ★ Delys ★ Estelle ★ Lisette ★ Scarlett ★ Peter Pan

BRITANNIA and EVE

VOL. 42 No. 4 APRIL, 1951

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The Inland and Foreign Postage for this issue is 3d. Canada 1½d.

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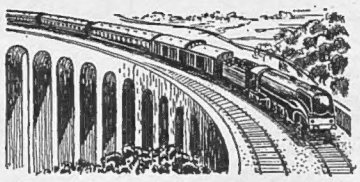
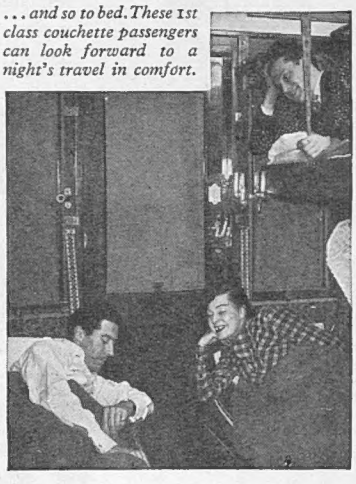


ADVICE AND INFORMATION REGARDING TRAVEL IN FRANCE

MORE COUCHETTES PUT INTO SERVICE

Night travel on French Railways has been improved considerably during the past two years by the introduction of more couchettes and sleeping cars. During 1949 for example 124 First class and 61 Second class couchette services were run every night. In 1950 this figure was increased to 230 First class and 124 Second class—very nearly double the number! It is hoped in 1951 to increase the figures still more. First class couchettes (4 berths per compartment) or Second class (6 berths) may be reserved, through your Travel Agent, or French Railways Ltd, at 16s. 6d. per berth for destinations in France.



. . . and so to bed. These 1st class couchette passengers can look forward to a night's travel in comfort.

ROAD-RAIL TRAVEL SAVES YOUR £'s

Holiday makers who are planning a French tour should get to know about the reduced-fare Road-Rail Tickets. These offer a choice of thirty six composite tours—part by rail, part by motor coach—through some of France's most lovely scenery. Fares from London range from as little as £13.8.2 for a 1865 miles tour! Full details and reservations may be obtained from any Travel Agent or from French Railways, 179 Piccadilly, London W.1.

ACCENT ON COMFORT

Besides the increase in the number of couchettes and sleeping cars. French Railways have made other important contributions to passenger comfort. More restaurant cars have been introduced, also streamlined all-metal coaches with controlled ventilation. Track improvements have led to greater speeds and more comfortable riding, while the extension of electrification has brought speedier and more efficient services.

See lovely France by Luxury Coach

French Railways also run other Motor Coach tours so that visitors may see France's beauty spots at close quarters. Services include the **Alps, Jura, Vosges, Pyrenees, Auvergne, Riviera, Provence, Cote d'Argent, Normandy and Brittany.**

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You will enjoy the fascinating new booklet "France", packed with pictures in full colour and monochrome. Write for your copy now. A postcard will do.

Information, reservations and tickets from your Travel Agent or

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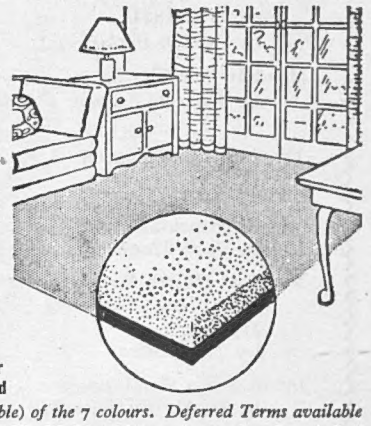

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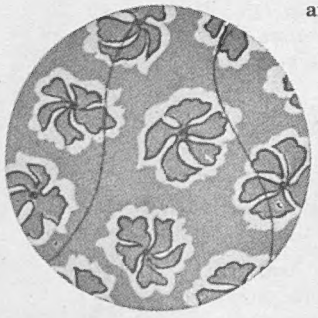

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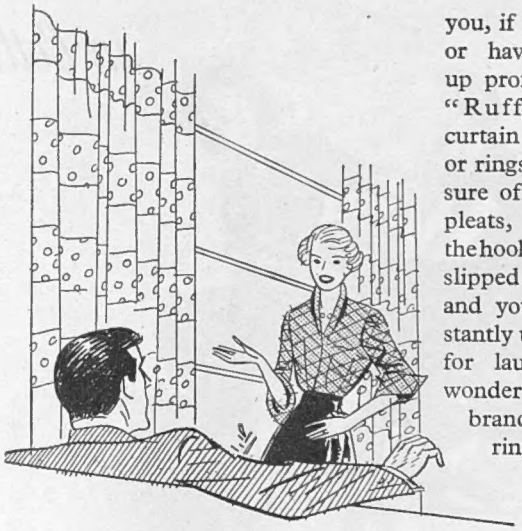

—and so will you, if you make them or have them made up professionally with "Rufflette" brand curtain tape, also hooks or rings. You will be sure of beautiful even pleats, and remember the hooks or rings can be slipped out in a second and your curtains instantly unpleated ready for laundering. No wonder "Rufflette" brand tape, hooks or rings are the secret of all beautiful curtains.

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CURTAIN TAPE with Hooks or Rings

Obtainable from all drapers and stores

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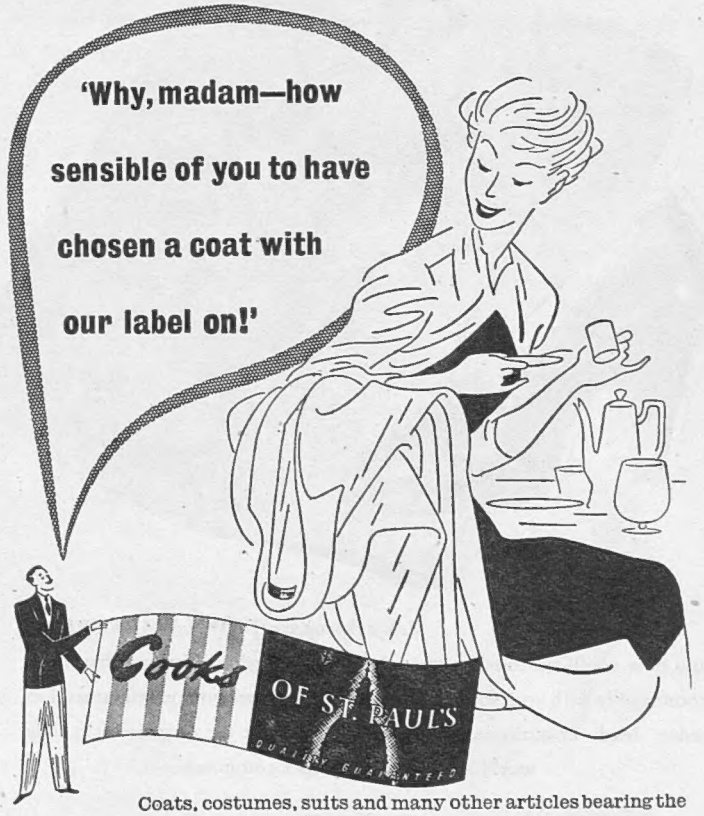

Coats, costumes, suits and many other articles bearing the Cooks of St. Paul's label are sold in hundreds of shops all over the country. Keep an eye out for it when you're shopping. It's the sign of a high and guaranteed standard of manufacture—something that's going to wear well and give you your money's worth.

Men's, women's and children's wear and accessories; household linens, etc.

HERE'S THE EASIEST WAY TO WASH YOUR BLANKETS FLEECY-SOFT AS NEW!

"AND THEY'LL BE EXTRA CLEAN — STAY WARMER LONGER"

says Anne Jefferson

"Of course, you know how wonderfully soft and safely Dreft washes woollens," says Anne Jefferson, model and housewife, "but have you tried it for blankets, too? It's marvellous — so easy and so economical. Why, you can wash up to *eight* double blankets with *one* Giant packet of Dreft. You save *shillings!* And it's so comforting to know that Dreft is *really safe* now blankets are dearer than ever!"

Dreft is safest of all for woollen things . . . Dreft is *really safe*—contains *no* harsh ingredients. In fact, recent tests have proved that Dreft is actually safest of all for coloured woollens. So no wonder you need Dreft for precious blankets which are nearly all wool!

Warmer Blankets . . . There's no need to rub or twist your blankets with Dreft, so the fibres stay in place, keeping warmth in. Oh, and you'll love the *sweet, clean freshness of your Dreft-washed blankets* when you snuggle cosily next winter under their fleecy-softness!

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THE CHOCOLATE OF THE CONNOISSEUR

CHOCOLAT LINDT
ROD. LINDT FILS
ESTABLISHED 1870

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One Swiss in every hundred makes them

In Switzerland there are far fewer people than there are in London ; yet 50,000 Swiss—one in every hundred—are watch and clock craftsmen. Most of them are sons of sons of watchmakers. Whole families are steeped in the tradition of Swiss watchmaking. "The Swiss have a watch in their heads."

So no wonder the fine Swiss jewelled-lever watch is famous from China to Peru. It is the result of 2,400 distinct operations. Every tinier-than-a-pinpoint screw is tested, re-tested. Every part is measured to a minute fraction of a millimetre. That's why it's a more accurate watch—a longer-lasting watch—a watch you can rely on.

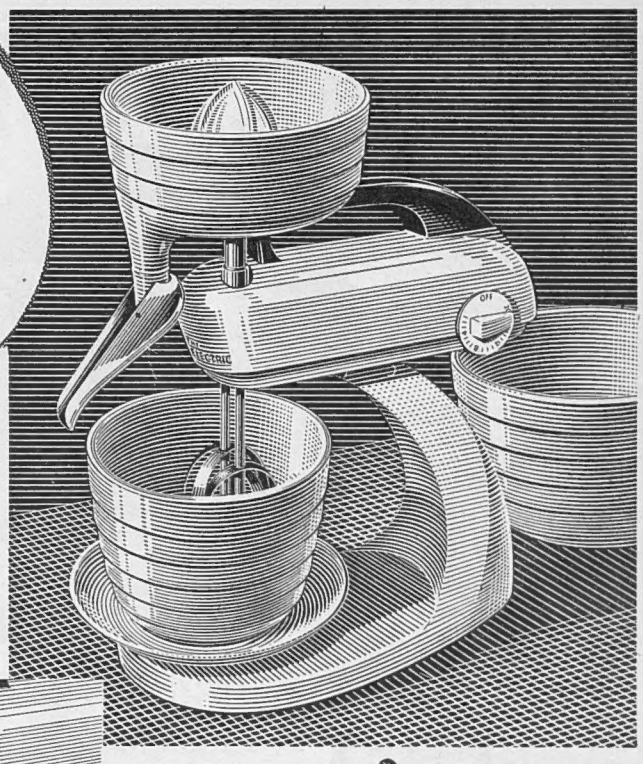
But only an expert can advise on such expert workmanship. So go to an experienced jeweller. Let him show you his vast range of up-to-the-minute styles. Let him help you to choose. He has a lifetime interest in keeping you satisfied.

Fine Swiss watches can be bought from all good jewellers. No shop has exclusive rights. To keep your watch always at top-level performance, consult the repair expert at your jeweller's. No one else is so competent to give your watch the professional care it deserves.

The WATCHMAKERS OF SWITZERLAND

'ENGLISH ELECTRIC'

Food Mixer



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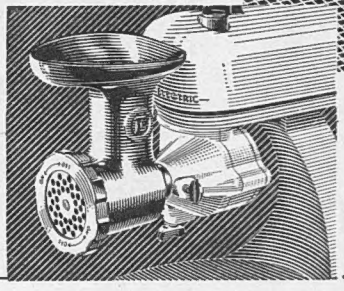
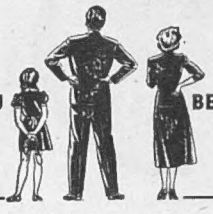


ASK YOUR LOCAL DEALER FOR A DEMONSTRATION
In case of difficulty write for illustrated leaflet and name of your nearest dealer to: The ENGLISH ELECTRIC Co. Ltd., Domestic Appliance Sales (Dept. M.7). Queens House, Kingsway, London, W.C.2.



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The Aristocrat of Raincoats

Write for the name of your nearest stockists

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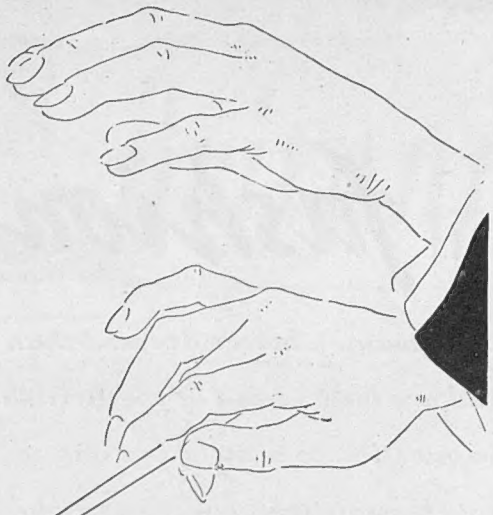
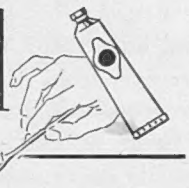


Good Taste

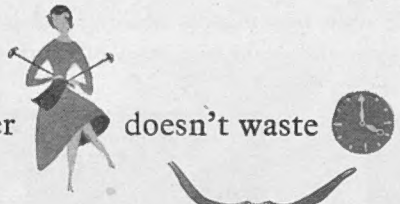
"Good taste" is acquired rather than inherited. The distinctive *tang* of Euthymol may not always be appreciated at first use, but the feeling of a fresh and healthy mouth which follows quickly convinces you that here is a toothpaste of *very* good taste; one that cleans teeth properly!

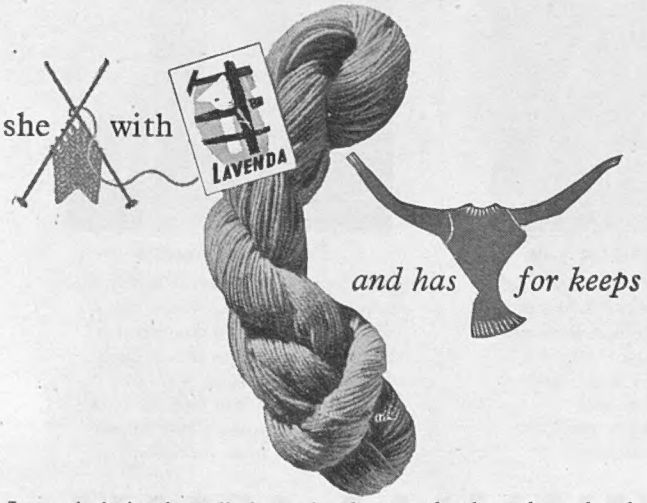
Euthymol

TOOTH PASTE



A PARKE-DAVIS PRODUCT

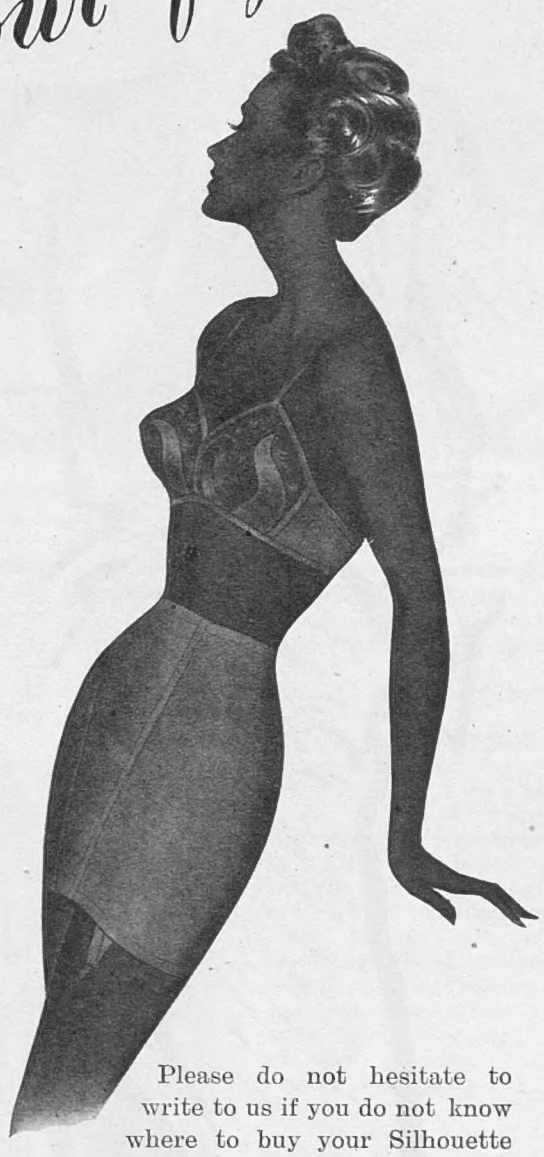




A Lavenda-knitted woolly keeps its shape and colour through tub after tub; always looks beautifully soft and gay and new. It's the special way Lavenda's spun and dyed and twisted—for consistent quality, lasting colour and extra strength. Lavenda is the *best* wool you can buy.

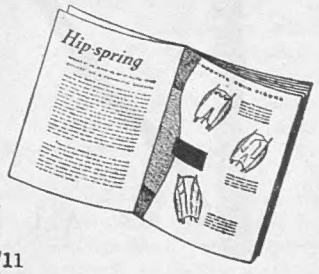
made by Listers of Bradford **LAVENDA**

Silhouette your figure



Please do not hesitate to write to us if you do not know where to buy your Silhouette Corset, Corselet or Brassiere. We will then send you the name of your nearest stockist, and the newest Silhouette booklet. It will help you to solve your figure problem.

The 'hip-spring' method of determining the correct Silhouette garment for you is fully explained in the new booklet. Write today.



Silhouette Brassieres from 9/11
Silhouette Corsets from 34/11
Silhouette Corselets from 75/-

DEPT. G, CORSETS SILHOUETTE LTD., ANGEL HOUSE, LONDON, N.1.

Wonderful *fashion* facts!

Are American women better dressed than those on the Continent? And are both ahead of the British? This is an impossible question to answer but one certain thing is that the smartest women anywhere owe much of their elegance to a British invention.

THEY were British scientists who found the way to give rayon, cotton, and linen materials the power, much like that of wool, to resist and recover from creasing, and fabrics marked TEBILIZED for *tested* crease-resistance have been welcomed enthusiastically not only in Great Britain but in America and other countries overseas. Now fabrics, by many famous makers bear the TEBILIZED mark which assures you the best of both worlds, the cool crisp freshness of a spring or summer dress with the power to recover from creasing. They hang better, while, needing less washing and ironing, they do not wear out so soon and make the most of every penny of a dress budget.

Science works for you

Every time a fabric is marked TEBILIZED the machine photographed above tests the material's power to recover from creasing. Only if a fabric reaches a very high standard in this and other tests will it be awarded the mark TEBILIZED for tested crease-resistance.

Perfect grooming

Thousands of housewives and women in business have discovered that fabrics marked TEBILIZED present the perfect answer to the problem of retaining smartness without repressing. They can look far better turned out than less clever women who spend far more on dress.

Ask for materials marked **TEBILIZED** Regd.
for *tested* crease-resistance

At the window Basil staggered back. The shock of what he saw made him step backwards a half-pace

Bees and Bonnets

A Short Story by Clive Burnley

THE new Talbot and Milligan show opens next week. It 'll be their best yet ; some wonderful lyrics and the sort of music that gets stuck in your mind's ear and doesn't easily come out.

But it very nearly didn't open at all.

I can tell you in confidence that Basil Talbot and Graham Milligan very nearly came to the parting of the ways a few months ago . . . and just think (when you hear the new numbers) what the world might have lost.

It happened when Basil came back from his recent three-months visit to the States. He landed from the *Caronia*, met Graham in town, and took him down the same night to Goddenham, which they reached after dark.

At ten o'clock next morning Mrs. Fitchett woke Basil Talbot and brought him a tea-tray. Basil sat up in bed and grinned at her like a schoolboy. A rather extraordinary schoolboy, because Basil weighs 18 stone, and looks every pound of it ; nevertheless, the expression in his eye was callow in its sentimentality. It was just that he was delighted to be back. He loved England, and best of England he loved Goddenham, and best of Goddenham, he loved Hill House, which was his, and where he now lay, with its elegant garden and its fine view of the downs. It was delightful to lie there and smell the morning air and know that he was back at Hill House, Goddenham, among the wolds and woods. He drank his tea, put on his dressing-gown and went reverently to his window to see once more that glorious panorama.

At the window he staggered back. It wasn't affectation, for by this time there was no one to watch him. The shock of what he saw made him step backwards a half-pace . . .

They had raped England while his back was turned.

He flung open his door, thundered downstairs, forgetting slippers, barefooted. On the little terrace Graham Milligan was smoking a cigarette. He is ten years younger than Basil ; tall, interestingly cadaverous for his years, dark-haired.

" Graham ! " cried Talbot. " Have you seen that *thing*—that hideous *thing* up there on the hill ? "

" Um," said Graham. " Matter of fact, I rather like it."

" Oh, *no* ! " cried Basil. " God in Heaven, no ! "

" There aren't two of it in the world," said Graham. " It 's the kind of thing Goddenham needed. The place used to look too much like any other photogravure in the English Heritage series . . . dull as Cockington Smithy or Clovelly main street. Now that," he said, pointing, " it gives it distinction . . . Who did it ? "

" I don't know," growled Basil, " but I mean to find out."

IT had better be explained—if I can give you any real conception of it—what this horrible Thing really was.

In England's chalk country, as you probably know, a man only requires patience and a pickaxe to make a picture a couple of acres large . . . if he has the land. He simply digs off the overburden and lets the white chalk blaze through, in any shape he fancies. Some of the shapes he has fancied, down the ages, are rather peculiar ones ; way back in prehistory he cut the thing they call the Berkshire White Horse, which might just as well be a brontosaurus, and the raving giant in Dorset, and another rather tamer

Basil's slapping of the air alerted a number of the scouts; they dived at him. As he dodged they changed course, relentlessly. There was nothing for him but flight

near Eastbourne. Later on he made horses that looked like horses, and down at Weymouth even cut George the Third on his charger. Later still he littered the slopes of Salisbury Plain with the most intricately-cut regimental badges; even more recently he carved out a gigantic lion at Whipsnade. It is a very ancient art, limitless in its possibilities.

Now on Hoe Beacon, the great green hill which rose opposite Hill House, with folds and seams as gentle as the shapes of flesh, the chalk lay never deeper than 18 ins. under the turf. And while Basil had been in America someone had taken a spade up there and they had drawn something.

At first he had gazed at the blazing white figure, his eyes clouded with passion, Basil couldn't make out what it was intended to represent. Some sort of aeroplane? A peculiar kind of star?

Then it was borne upon him that it was, of all things, an insect—100 ft. long if it was an inch: a wasp or a bee. The summer sun made it a blazing white. Now who in the world would want to carve out an insect, 100 ft. long, on the virgin slopes of Hoe Hill?

The invaluable Mrs. Fitchett was able to answer this question for Mr. Talbot, and the answer displeased him as much as the cause of the question. With him, to suffer was to strike. When he was indignant every cubic inch of his great

Chestertonian bulk quivered with indignation; anger was a fire he could only quench with the hose of action. Few men regarded food more highly than he, as you could have guessed from his girth, but that morning he did not even linger for breakfast before marching off down the road looking for skulls to crack.

A mere 100 yards from his own gate he came to Beaconsfoot Cottage. Here also the hand of the vandal had struck: for this croft, which he had last seen as a picturesquely ruinous hovel apparently held together by the creeper that covered it, now had large metal windows instead of lozenge-paned casements the size of pocket handkerchiefs, and a blatant new red-brick chimney, while the old garden, once full of hollyhocks and marigolds, had been concreted over into a sort of car-park. A large placard in black, yellow and white screamed at him; it bore at the top a representation of the insect on the hill, and underneath this the words:

WHITE BEE
WONDER-HONEY
GODDENHAM APIARIES LTD.
Visitors Always Welcome.

Basil was determined to be the one visitor who would not be welcome. Behind the cottage he could see regimented rows of white bee-hives. He thundered on the door. A girl in a white overall opened it and smiled at him. The fact that her smile was altogether charming only infuriated him the more.

"My name is Talbot. I want to see the manager, please. I want to see the man in charge here."

"Mr. Talbot, of Talbot and Milligan?"

"Yes. But I didn't come to give autographs. Is there anyone responsible here?"

The girl's smile was now even sweeter. "I do think it's such a mistake," she said, "to think that talent excuses bad manners. Don't you?"

He controlled himself with difficulty.

"Nothing," he said, "excuses bad manners. I'd like to teach that to Goddenham Apiaries Ltd., whoever they are! I've never seen anything more atrociously vulgar than that *thing* they've put up on the hill. Manners call for a respect for places, as well as persons. Will you please take me to your employer, or tell me where I can find him? What's his name? Who *is* Goddenham Apiaries?"

She lowered her voice confidentially.

"It's a woman, actually. A Miss Marley. Margaret Marley. *She's* Goddenham Apiaries."

"Ah!" said Basil Talbot. "A woman. I might have known. Well, you can tell Miss Marley from me that I insist on her re-turfing that abomination on the hill, at once. Tell her I intend to see what the Rural District Council have to say about it, and the Member of Parliament for this constituency and the Society for the Preservation of . . . of whatever it is."

"I will," said the girl.

"Open-cast coal-mining," he said, "slag-heaps, grid pylons . . . and now this! Just for the sake of selling a pound or two more of honey, to go and ruin the most glorious acre of old England! If I'd wanted to live in front of a hoarding all my life I might have lived much less expensively in the Commercial Road! Do you realise how much value has been taken off my house by that hideous trade-mark of yours up there? I wonder the villagers haven't lynched Miss Marley, I do indeed."

"They rather like the thing on the hill," the girl said, "as a matter of fact. You see, they have to *live* here, and they get so used to the place; they like it brightened up. Of course, the sort of people who only come here at odd times, the kind that use the country just to look at and wouldn't know a muck-rake from a combine harvester . . . well, I dare say it does spoil their pretty picture."

"Are you implying——?"

"Oh, no. I expect you're quite an authority on combine harvesters."

"I was brought up," said Basil Talbot, "in the belief that women should be accorded a certain courtesy. You make it hard for me to remember my training. . . . Is Miss Marley here now?"

"Oh, yes."

"Please tell her I wish to speak to her."

"I was hoping I wouldn't have to confess to it . . . but I *am* Margaret Marley."

"You!" he said. "Good God, what dark places there are in the human soul! You have the look of an intelligent person. There appears to be a gleam of reason in your eye. And yet you could do *that*! . . . Miss Marley, I say once

more, I insist that you put the grass back. You will ? "

" No," said Miss Marley.

" In that case," said Basil Talbot, " I shall make you."

" Then there 's no point in arguing about it," she said. " Would you care to see round the apiary before you go ? We have a fascinating observation hive, with glass sides. Would you care to take an eightpenny sample jar of my new season's strawberry-flavoured Wonder Honey ? We have new and secret methods of flavouring our honey, you see, and——"

" Whatever you flavoured it with," he said, " it would choke me. I don't doubt it 's heavily adulterated. You will hear from me, Miss Marley."

" Very well, Mr. Talbot. But I shouldn't sign any letters you may write, in case I might sell the autographs in the Red Lion. Good-morning ! "

WHEN Talbot regained Hill House Milligan had finished his breakfast and was lightly picking a puckish little melody out of the piano. He was proud of it—it had the makings of a sure-fire winner for the next show.

" Listen to this," he said.

" I 'm sorry," said Talbot, " it must wait. Everything must wait. I have things to do."

" I am *not* a nickelodeon," said Graham stiffly.

" Later," said Basil, " later. Another time . . ." and he went out of the room.

It was the first sign of a rift in the partnership.

That morning Basil wrote several letters, and made as many 'phone calls. He ignored his guest. Graham Milligan was, however, a tolerant young man, within limits, although these limits were set somewhat finely by the knowledge that it was his music rather more than Basil's libretto that made their joint shows so successful. But Basil did not usually display a temperament, so it was only fair to allow him a few hours of maladjustment as a first offender.

After lunch cordial relations between the collaborators appeared to be restored. It was a drenching hot day, so full of sunlight that Miss Marley's chalk bee was physically painful to look at except through smoked glasses. The two men sat on deck-chairs on the lawn beside the lily pond, mulling over ideas for the coming production. Their musical comedies were usually pieced together out of lazy backchat like this, in the beginning ; the hard work came later.

" How I hate aeroplanes ! " said Graham, looking at the sky. " You hear them and then you simply have to search until you see them."

" I can hear something," said Basil. " But I 'm not sure . . . I say, look ! What are those things ? Beetles ? "

Not very far over their heads black dots were zooming and weaving.

" I think they 're bees," said Graham.

At the mention of the word all the good humour went out of the fat man's face at once. He stared about him angrily.

" For God's sake ! " he cried suddenly. " What 's that ? "

Thirty feet or so behind them was a young apple-tree, and weighting one branch of this was a peculiar lobe-shaped mass, both brown and scintillating, and full of tiny movement. It was larger than a football.

Basil Talbot gazed at it in wonder and horror. This man, whatever he might have known about combine harvesters, was seeing for the very first time in his life a swarm of bees. Fifty thousand insects, eight solid pounds of them, bunched in this terrifying concentration. When first seen, the thing is incredible.

" Sizeable swarm," said Graham judicially. " Bit too late in the season to be worth much, though. A swarm in May," he recited, " is worth a load of hay. A swarm in June——"

" We must do something ! " cried Basil. " Cyanide . . . Mrs. Fitchett's fly-spray——"

" Heavens, no ! " said Graham. " We can't do anything. But here comes somebody who can."

Approaching across the lawn from the gate was a grotesque figure ; plainly some Martian landed from a flying saucer. It wore a peculiar hat, draped as if with chain-mail by thick net, and in its hand—gloved, despite the temperature—it carried what was clearly a peculiar firearm, from the muzzle of which curled a wisp of smoke. For the rest it was clad in blue jeans, with bicycle-clips at the ankles.

" Over here ! " called Graham. " Here they are."

" Thanks," said the Martian.

Basil stiffened, so far as a man his shape can be said to stiffen. The Martian spoke with the voice of Miss Margaret Marley.

He flapped a hand at an inquisitive bee-scout flying a reconnaissance over him.

" This is too much ! " he said. " Sending your insects here . . . turning them loose on me. . . . Don't you know they 're dangerous (*Continued on page 55*)

Miss Marley came up to the two men on the terrace. On this occasion there was no doubt to which planet she belonged

The Three Enchanters

Of Maxim's

By FERDINAND TUOHY

Maxim's. The world-famous restaurant in the rue Royale, Paris

(In circle) Liane de Pougy. Fated to queen it over men of money, name and leisure

La Belle Otéro, who came from Barcelona to Paris in the nineties

(On right) Cléo de Mérode. Renowned for her beauty at the turn of the century

"BUT I thought she was dead long since!" On three successive occasions in recent days Parisians of the older generations have thought in the above words as a famous beauty of distant times came suddenly before their eyes again. One might well call them ghost-girls, since they passed from the public eye and ear almost half a century ago.

Their names reconjured an era nostalgically referred to as "*la Belle Epoque*," which may be said to have run from the 1880s, after France had recovered from the Franco-Prussian War, to the years immediately preceding 1914. "The Fine Period" marked the last of the pursuit of elegance for its own sake, and the end of high frivolity amid moneyed leisure.

These three women of whom I write were at the very centre of the latter, if some would deny their ever having formed part of the former. Their names bring back, above all, Maxim's at the turn of the century, the legendary 1900s of grand ducal parties lasting all night, and the quaffing of champagne from a shoe of the latest reigning beauty.

Liane de Pougy, of whom one of her erstwhile rivals has just written that she had the most beautiful face in the world, was a runaway Breton girl, Anne-Marie Chassaigne by birth. Married at sixteen to a brilliant young naval officer, Joseph-Henri Pourpe, she was unable to resist the adulation that her astonishing good looks provoked in the Brest garrison. Her large light blue eyes, pink-and-lily-white complexion and queenly carriage "put ideas into her head," as the French saying goes.

Why waste her young life in a dull garrison town? Not the arrival of a son, Marc, could hold Anne-Marie to her marriage vows. This son, she afterwards brought up, and in the days of her early autumnal glory used to visit during the summer holiday near Dieppe. One of my earliest memories is of Liane on the sands, a lonely figure, with her son, spurned by the (largely British) company.

"You mustn't look at her," one would be told. "She's a naughty woman." Incidentally, the son lived to be the first aviator to fly to the Sudan, where he was killed.

More than twenty years before then, the mother had been "launched" in Paris by the son of Marshal MacMahon, former President. Liane tried for a stage career, acting in *Orpheus in the Underworld* in St. Petersburg, and in pantomime at the Folies-Bergère. She even did conjuring tricks at one time, and played the guitar. And she was to write books, such as *Myrrtile*, and *The Unseizable*—the latter published at the height of her Maxim's glory, in 1898, and showing the first signs of the ex-convent girl's preoccupation with religion.

But Liane was fated to queen it over men of money, name and leisure. She was first and foremost a *belle amoureuse*, and lately it was written of her that she "nearly became Queen of the Belgians, thanks to Leopold II, Queen of Sugar, thanks to Max Lebaudy, Queen of the Automobile, thanks to the Marquis de Dion, Maharanee by the choice of the Maharajah of Kapurthala, and finally did become the authentic Princess Ghyka."

That wasn't until 1910, and long before then Liane's name had been coupled with other leading lights of *Tout Paris*, such as the writers Jean Lorrain, Henry de Nolhac, Georges Feydeau, and the "professional gentleman," or man about town, Boni de Castellane. Within a few years Liane had gravitated from an £8 a month, tiny apartment, to a sumptuous "private hotel" (or mansion) in the rue de la Néva, where she would hold court, back to a chimney-piece holding 100,000 gold francs-worth of *bibelots* (trinkets), and flanked by glass cases containing 300,000 gold francs-worth of gems.

But her proudest victories would be riding in the Bois, for Liane was a first-rate horsewoman, and on more than one occasion prominent men set about each other with whips during accesses of jealousy. La Belle Otéro, a constant rival of Liane's, tells how she was once constrained to whip Jean Lorrain in the Bois. It was all part of the Belle Époque!

How Liane collected much of her jewellery was a famous tale of the time. It was said that when she journeyed abroad, she brought her jeweller, Kostiker, with her, and he would have jewels ready for sale, under his arm, in case his lady should meet a rich admirer. At all events, Liane (*Continued on page 72*)

A Century Of
British Mountain Climbing

IN the early fifties of the last century, C. A. O. Baumgartner, a gentleman of Rugby and Oriel, and an ardent walker on the British hills, was "attracted by the fame of the 'Pillar Stone' or Rock, which was said never to have been ascended by tourists, or by anyone except a party of shepherds or dalesmen."

He visited this fine crag which juts, prow-like, from the southern side of Ennerdale in the English Lake District, and climbed up, as he says, "by the hands more than by the feet, wherever the perpendicular faces of the stones and rocks appeared most practicable and presenting the best chance of success to the next stage above."

It was not, as he had imagined, the first tourist ascent of the Pillar; but it was the first by a man such as Baumgartner, one of those leisured and wealthy Victorians who climbed in the mountains of Switzerland; and it showed these "Alpinists" that minor but sporting ascents could be made in their own country.

In fact, in his own quiet way, Baumgartner was the pioneer whose example is now followed by thousands of men and women in every part of Britain.

To-day there are many dozens of routes up the Pillar, some of them of a difficulty which would shock kindly old

A group of Victorian climbers taken outside Pen-y-Gwryd, North Wales, Easter, 1898. (*On left*) Napes Needle, Great Gable, whose conquest by Haskett-Smith in 1886 was a landmark in early British climbing

Baumgartner with his unhurried ways and five-foot ash-pole. Climbs have been "pioneered" on crags big and little, not only in such obvious areas as the Lakes, North Wales and Scotland, but also in Devon, Cornwall, Derby and Somerset, while the London enthusiast finds sport on the fifty-foot sandstone outcrops of the Tunbridge Wells area. There are more than eighty climbing clubs in Britain alone—including three reserved exclusively for women—while on the crags at holiday time you will find almost as many women as men.

TWO different types of men and women took part in the early development of this sport of climbing in Britain. There were women such as Lucy Walker and men such as Sir Leslie Stephen, Professor Tyndall and C. E. Matthews, all of whom climbed extensively in the Alps and who went to Snowdonia or Cumberland to play a less exacting version of their sport.

And there were "the locals," men such as John Robinson, the dour Keswick estate agent, who made 101 ascents of the Pillar—and guided between thirty and forty ladies to the top. There was the queer Climbing Parson of North Wales, that unidentified ridge-walker after whom was named the Parson's Nose, that rocky bluff standing out from one of the Snowdon ridges; and there was "Steeple Jackson,"

Once the leisurely pastime of a few wealthy Victorians, it now has some 70,000 devotees throughout the country and its influence is still increasing

By Ronald W. Clark

that eccentric cleric who was killed on the Pillar at the age of seventy-nine.

Women came early on the scene, and the Pillar was climbed in the 1870s by a Miss Barker and also by Pollie Westmoreland, who made the ascent with her two brothers, both famous local climbers.

They were in the great line of women who had climbed in the Alps—sometimes in a brother's pair of riding breeches worn beneath an easily-removable crinoline. There was Miss Brevoort who danced a quadrille on the top of Mont Blanc, Lucy Walker with her sponge-cakes and champagne, Katherine Richardson, the green-eyed girl of whom the guides said: "She does not eat and walks like the Devil," and Mrs. le Blond whose grand-aunt, Lady Bentinck, once wrote furiously to Mrs. le Blond's mother, imploring: "Stop her climbing mountains. She is scandalizing all London."

Until the early 1880s, climbers had invariably chosen "the easy way"; in other words, they had climbed rather to get to the top of some pinnacle such as the Pillar, some rock-face such as Scafell Pinnacle in the Lakes or Lliwedd in North Wales, than for the physical pleasures and problems of the climbing.

The change came with the exploits in the Lakes of W. P. Haskett-Smith and, slightly later, with the ascents of J. M. Archer Thomson in North Wales.

In 1882 Haskett-Smith, a kindly if eccentric schoolmaster-cum-barrister, visited Wastdale Head, now one of the main centres of climbing in the Lakes, and immediately set about finding new and more difficult routes up the gullies and ridges of such crags as Scafell, Great Gable, the Pillar and the Napes.

His most famous ascent was that of the Napes Needle, the spectacularly-shaped spire which juts from the Napes Ridges above Wastdale. He climbed the Needle alone, left his handkerchief fluttering on top as a flag of victory, and climbed easily down when, "it must be confessed," he later wrote, "it was an undoubted satisfaction to stand once more on solid ground."

The north buttress of Tryfaen, North Wales. The silhouetted figure is on Belle Vue Terrace. (*On right*) John Robinson, of Keswick, one of the early British climbers, leading two companions on one of the easy routes up Scafell Pinnacle

Fifty years later, in 1936, when Haskett-Smith was seventy-four, he made a jubilee ascent of the Needle, watched by hundreds of admirers who called to him as he reached the top: "Tell us a story."

"There is no other story," he joked back at them, "This is the top storey."

Soon after his first ascent, the Needle was photographed and its challenging outline, exhibited in many parts of the country, did much to popularize the sport during the closing (*Continued on page 78*)

These Men And Women Were

The Great Figures Of 1851

By Gordon Beckles

MORE than a Great Exhibition was exciting the life of Britain just one hundred years ago. In 1851 there was such a flowering of Victorian genius as to make it one of the most memorable of all the vintage years of famous names.

Poets jostled structural engineers, inventors of strange new devices rubbed shoulders with social reformers, and scientists took their place beside painters in the glittering pageant of talent and personality.

And everyone seemed delightedly conscious that they were living in a golden age in the company of immortals!

It is hard to know whom to pick out first in the procession that streamed across the country in that spring of '51 to the great glass palace that had sprung up so swiftly in Hyde Park and which the little Queen had so proudly opened.

Joseph Paxton

One might start with Elizabeth Barrett Browning who, in this memorable year, returned to England from the Italy where she had lived since her marriage to Robert Browning in 1846. Her sonnets had become ever more famous during her absence—and there were so many people she wanted to see!

Elizabeth Barrett Browning

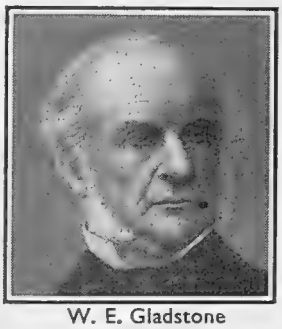
Christina Rossetti

Mr. Tennyson had just been made Poet Laureate, but could scarcely have guessed that within the year he would be writing an ode on the death of the exhibition's second-greatest figure—the venerable Duke of Wellington. The Iron Duke had softened as he saw how great a success the exhibition had become. Had he not known Europe when it was in the grip of the Napoleonic monster he had slain? And now here was Europe pouring out its new treasures in a festival of peace and prosperity. And had not the Duke contributed to the exhibition's success with that immortal advice to the Queen, when intruding sparrows threatened to damage the more delicate exhibits? "Try sparrow-hawks, ma'am," he had rumbled.

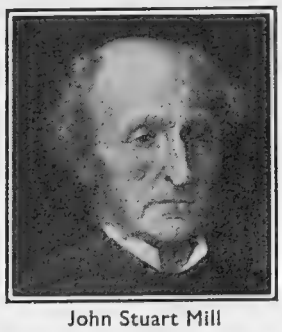
Charles Kingsley

W. M. Thackeray

AFTER Mr. Tennyson there was Mr. Ruskin to see, although they had met in Italy. It was to be a great year for Mr. Ruskin—the first volume of his *Stones of Venice* was to be published. Then there was Mr. Charles Kingsley to pay a call, he being busy with the writing of *Westward Ho!* in the intervals of dabbling in what he called "Christian Socialism," a faith which did not prevent him being made a chaplain to the Queen. Mr. Coventry Patmore was another friend with whom to discuss the current trends in poetry and the pre-Raphaelites with whom he served as a direct link.



W. E. Gladstone



John Stuart Mill

THE pre-Raphaelites, that company of colourful fantastics, formed a London pageant of their own.

Here was Christina Rossetti already writing verse and sitting for her brother Dante Gabriel, as well as for Holman Hunt, Millais and Madox Brown. In 1851 they were in the first flush of enthusiasm for recapturing the mystic past and putting it on to canvas—and into verse—with a romantic glow that warmed nearly every Victorian heart.

Outside this circle of determined aesthetes was Mr. Thackeray.

Isambard Kingdom Brunel

W. Holman Hunt

With Mr. Charles Dickens, he could be counted as the great novelist of the day, but without the former's stress on the woes of the lower orders. Mr. Thackeray had already won fame with his satirical *Vanity Fair*, and now *Esmond* had been published. And to Mr. Thackeray had gone the doubtless great honour of having his *Ode to the Great Exhibition* officially published:

"Swell, organ, swell your trumpet blast;
March, Queen and Royal pageant, march
By splendid aisle and springing arch
Of this fair Hall!"

Had it not been for a certain farmer's son who became a gardener there would, of course, have been no "splendid aisles" or "springing arches."

Joseph Paxton was as great a genius as this mid-Victorian age produced and the design of his "Crystal Palace"—as the Great Exhibition was to become—is as "modern" to-day as anything that comes from the drawing-board of a Le Corbusier. As gardener to the Duke of Devonshire at Chatsworth, Paxton had been in charge of the erection of the glasshouses, including the fabulous Great Conservatory.

From his experience in such work came the idea of his Palace in Hyde Park. He had one day seen his daughter standing on the floating leaf of a giant water lily. It bore her weight and he translated the stresses and strains involved into terms suitable to a vast prefabricated building of glass and girders. It rose almost as quickly as a tent! More precisely, it took about six months to erect the Palace, with its eighteen acres of ground space and five acres of galleries, the total length of which were one mile and three-quarters. Disaster was predicted for it when the first strong wind came; it survived at Sydenham until fire swept through it in 1936.

SCARCELY less of a genius than Joseph Paxton was Mr. Isambard Kingdom Brunel, whom 1851 also found at the top of his fame.

Brunel's mind ranged from guns (with which shortly to batter Kronstadt) to the building of the suspension bridge at Clifton, from great dock schemes to the launching of the long-before-its-time liner the *Great Eastern*. He symbolized the age's fascination with things mechanical, of which the Great Exhibition was to contain such unbelievable specimens as an "automatic eighty-bladed knife," a "pulpit with gutta-percha channels connecting to the deaf" and a "galvanic walking stick" for doctors, which also contained "an enema and test-tubes."

SIR ROBERT PEEL died just too soon to see the fulfilment of the scheme of which he was one of the sponsors. But there were plenty of great political names on the scene. It was a day which liked to think (*Continued on page 79*)

Alison Braved The Dangers Of The Bandit-riddled Jungle To Learn The Truth Of Her Husband-to-be, Missing In Malaya

"MISS SHELTON," Ludford said, "as you insist on taking the risks, I'll come with you. I can fix an extension of leave"

Mission With A Ring

by Michael Hastings

ALISON SHELTON said quietly: "You can't scare me that way. I've been in the wilds before, you know." Her slow smile was a weapon, warning that she was serious.

Giles Ludford watched her. He could understand the others making their mistake. Sitting in the bamboo chair, her body filmed in silk, she looked absurdly young, entirely feminine, and helpless. Her fingers seemed as fragile as the slender stem of the glass she was holding. Yet Ludford knew what had come from those same fingers—the hard, strong sketches of the Gobi Desert; the vivid, cruel impressions of the Borneo Rain Forest.

He knew this was a battle, being waged under the great revolving arms of the fan, and against the background of comfort suggested by the Malay boys in their white tunics, who moved from table to table with drinks. And his sympathies were with her; but, for all that, he didn't want her to win.

Captain Weeks she had conquered; but he was the defeated, not an ally. Not by so much as a word had he helped her. He sat in his chair, knees wide apart, and stared into his glass. At times, he showed his nervousness by massaging the shining dome of his bald head with moist fingers.

Ludford guessed what had happened. Alison Shelton had persuaded the captain to take her up the coast next trip and land her at the river mouth. Doubtless, the captain assumed there would be something in the nature of a small expedition. Now, it looked as if the expedition was a non-starter. Dodd, the planter, was refusing. And Pike, the born adventurer, was shaking his head.

Captain Weeks had given his promise; he was too honest to use after-events as an excuse for drawing out of the bargain. But the downward curve of his lips was a barometer to his unhappiness.

Alison said, with a note of protest: "But Mr. Dodd, you admit you know that part of the country. You've said you once started a plantation. . . ."

"I know, I know!" Dodd interrupted. His voice was feverishly irritable. "But that was a good time back—before the war. When the Japs swept across Malaya, that area was one of many to fall into complete neglect. Do you know what that means, Miss Shelton?" He leaned forward, his intensely blue eyes wide open. "Have you ever seen what the jungle can do once a man has turned his back? Have you seen roads vanish so that they might never have been there?

Have you seen the undergrowth tumble across a clearing? I wouldn't know my way now. It would be as strange to me as to you."

"But a familiar type of country," Alison reminded him. "It's back as it was—when you went there in the first place. Surely. . . ."

Dodd's control, obviously thin, broke. "I can't do it!" he cried. "You're—you're asking the impossible." His mouth, usually not expressive, twitched. "I'm never going back! You don't understand . . . weeks of it . . . trying to carry on the plantation work and never knowing when a burst of shots would be fired . . . or where they'd be fired from . . . and the nights. . . ." He suddenly covered his eyes with his hands.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Dodd," Alison murmured.

She spoke with sympathy, and this encouraged him. He lowered his hands and looked across at her. "I'm sorry; but that's the way it is with me. I posted my letter of resignation to-night. . . ."

"You should have waited a bit, old man," Pike said. He spoke slowly and there was a metallic ring to his voice. It matched the hardness of his features, his gun-metal eyes. "The car ambush shook you up badly, and in hospital you had too much time for thinking."

Dodd seemed to go a bit limp, as though his body had suddenly shrunk under his clothes. "I expect you all consider me something of a weakling . . ." he murmured.

Captain Weeks jerked up his head at that. "I've seen all I wish of the jungle—from the sea," he announced. "When you're on the bridge at night you don't have the uncanny feeling that every wave has eyes . . . watching you." He gave an unexpected, rather boyish laugh. "And even a flying fish hasn't a sting!"

"That's it," said Dodd with childlike eagerness. "The uneasiness . . . the night filled with eyes, eyes that can see in the dark!"

Pike's smile was tolerant. "You've been taking your *pahits* Dutch fashion," he accused. "All gin—no water. Or else your courage needs bracing." He looked into his empty glass, and called to a passing Malay boy. He made a circular gesture, and said: "*S'kali lagi.*"

"*'ya, tuan.*"

"Do we need another round?" Alison murmured.

Pike glanced at her shrewdly. "It might put you more in the mood for abandoning this search of yours," he said. He pulled an old, short-stemmed pipe from his pocket. "Do you mind?" He began to pack the worn bowl. "Why don't you take my advice, Miss Shelton? Don't get me wrong. I admire your spirit. But can't you see it's a hopeless business?"

"Hopeless expecting you to come with me," she said, and her words, like the drinks which suddenly appeared, were flavoured with bitterness.

Pike pushed glasses across the table, scribbled his signature to a chit, leaned back in his chair and lit his pipe. "I have to go on living here," he said. "I can't afford to get in wrong with the powers that administer the country." He gave a swift, dark smile. "Candidly, the said powers would be only too happy if I supplied 'em with a good, substantial reason for demanding my departure."

Alison was unexpectedly challenging. "Would one more time make so much difference?" she asked.

"That slipped past my guard," Pike admitted. "But the answer is that it would. I'm lying low for a time."

Knowing the truth behind this, Giles Ludford remained silent. Alison Shelton was too newly arrived to have an ear to underground whisperings. Financially, Pike was in low waters. The augmented police and the military had put a stop to several of his enterprises. Needing money, he had taken a job. Bodyguard to the fantastically rich Hu Fangteh. Hu was in no hurry to join his ancestors; but there were certain persons who considered such a meeting long overdue.

Pike said: "Let's look at this objectively. About three weeks ago, one Kit Kerwin—a charter pilot—flew up to the Kuantan district to take some urgently-needed medical supplies. All in the line of business, of course. The weather report was none too good. There was the prospect of those swift, violent storms which happen sometimes in these parts. He took a chance, and all credit to him."

"And he delivered his cargo," said Alison quietly.

"Quite. He ran into bad weather on the last stage of the flight, and that should have warned him. Instead of being prudent and waiting a day or two, he started straight back. It was an error of judgment. . . ." He broke off to look challengingly at her.

Ludford thought her lips moved; but she said nothing.

"The rest," said Pike, "is an old story. The machine overdue. The search—and in this case we had fighters from Kuala Lumpur as an additional help. A few conflicting reports from the *kampongs*. . . ."

"So the plane was seen? I didn't know that."

Pike shook his head. "Don't build hopes, Miss Shelton. Aircraft have been flying all over Malaya. And your villager has no time conception. Three

A STOCKY figure, wearing an officer's tunic—probably looted—and equipped with field glasses and a revolver, came into sight. He was obviously the leader

months is the same as three weeks; both belong to *s'malam.*" He gave a soft exclamation of disgust. "Yesterday! The trouble I've had through that sort of thing."

"I can understand," Alison told him. "I've come across it often enough."

"You have? Fine! Then you'll understand. Remember this, Kerwin wasn't a new arrival out here. There'd have been news of him by now—if he'd come down unharmed."

Pike's eyes narrowed. "Do I have to be brutal about the alternative?"

Ludford saw that she took it without flinching. She kept control over her hands and her voice. "And if he was hurt, it's all over by now." In the silence, Pike's sigh was heavy.

Dodd looked unhappy, and said nervously: "Well, miracles *do* happen."

Nobody answered that. Alison Shelton said: "But don't you realize?—I must find out the truth. We were to be married later in the year. I came here specially to see him. I—I was on my way when it happened." Her voice dropped to a whisper. "I must finish my journey."

And she would finish it. Ludford realized this, and uneasiness perched his shoulder like a raven. She'd go on if it meant going alone. In a sense, she was as fanatical as a crusader. He gave her grudging admiration. And mixed with it was a sense of shame. Only Captain Weeks was being honest. Dodd and Pike, like himself, were leaving things unsaid.

Ludford felt an urge to have done with convention, and politeness, and all the niceties. He wanted to blurt out the blunt truth. He wanted to tell her that Kerwin had never been anything but worthless. That nothing about Kerwin merited her taking so much as a step towards the jungle into which he had vanished.

But he couldn't speak the words.

Instead, he drained his glass. He leaned back in his chair. And he remembered the only (*Continued on page* 60)

Illustrations by S. Tresilian

Head *In The* Clouds?

By Kenneth Ullyett, F.R.Met.S.

TO poets, clouds are lace-like, fleecy, golden, and they scud across the sky, or sail high with ship-like grace, but to meteorologists clouds have complex names like "alto-cumulus" and "nimbo-stratus." . . . And now in 1951 this suddenly all becomes very important. An International Cloud Committee has been sitting, and soon will announce a revised list of cloud classifications. Scientists will take their heads out of the clouds, and will decide new cloud facts.

Two cloud pictures from the G. A. Clarke Collection in the possession of the Royal Meteorological Society. At the top of page is a fine example of alto-cumulus—Flocks of Admetus—and the other picture shows alto-cumulus castellatus, a sign of thunder

Ruskin, puzzled, gazed skywards at the banks of snowy clouds which professional meteorologists call alto-cumuli, and commented: "Flocks of Admetus under Apollo's keeping. Who else could shepherd such? The fronting cloud comes leaning forward, one thrusting the other aside, or on; impatient, ponderous, impendent. Fierce behind them rages the oblique wrath of the rain, white as ashes, dense as showers of driven steel. . . ."

Unfortunately neither met. men nor the average layman can view the clouds with quite that degree of poetic detachment. To the man in the street, clouds—the whitish ice-crystal veil of cirro-stratus, perhaps, or the jagged, mounting alto-cumulus castellatus (a sure precursor of thunder)—have only one meaning. Bad weather. In varying degrees. To the layman, a clear day sky means fine weather. Clouds mean rain, thunder or coming snow.

He is oblivious of the cloudland pageant, except perhaps at a holiday week-end when he can afford the luxury of stretching out in a green field, or on the beach, watching idly the heavens canopied with the mackerel effect of cirro-cumulus. For the rest, he hardly has time to notice clouds, unless the sky threatens with a great mountain of cumulo-nimbus, and the rain is already pattering on the window-panes. . . .

As only the countryman can afford to take pleasure in rain, clouds to the millions of townsmen are harbingers of dirty weather, slush, mud, umbrellas and wringing mackintoshes. And under such circumstances it is difficult to recall Aristophanes:

We are the Clouds, of splendid hue
Rising from sea with garments ever new.
We are the breath of ocean old—
Who rest awhile, then journey far
Marching with swift, resistless tread
O'er plain and mountain.

As a matter of fact, Ruskin's study of the clouds was more than poetry. He painted them—or tried to do so. "I have never succeeded in drawing a cumulus," he wrote. "Its divisions of surface are grotesque and endless, as those of a mountain—perfectly defined, brilliant beyond all power of colour, and transitory as a dream. Nor can I explain them any more than I can draw them. It is a mystery. . . ."

Now while meteorologists, being merely men, are just as liable as the next man to be impressed with the majesty of the cloudland pageant, the whole matter of the clouds has become important in this Festival year of 1951. An International Cloud Committee, which for several years has been sitting almost literally with its head in the clouds, is about to present its report. The result will be available (*Continued on page* 76)

The Loves Of Paganini

The Romantic Exploits And Amorous Escapades Of The Famous Violinist.

By
ARNOLD WAREING.

Illustrations by
JACK MATTHEW.

In 1801 a lady of rank took the young Paganini into her Tuscan villa for three years, and encouraged him to study and compose for the guitar. He would never divulge her name

HEINE noted in the gaunt, spectral, almost demonic violinist Paganini " the pale, cadaverous face on which sorrow, genius and hell had engraved their indestructible lines." He might have added love to the other three, for if Paganini's fiddle was his sweetheart, there were, throughout his tempestuous life, rivals of a more romantic kind.

The lady of rank who, in 1801, took the young prodigy into her Tuscan villa for three years and encouraged him to study and compose for the guitar? Mystery surrounds her, for he would never divulge her name. But she fostered the wayward youth, just as Madame de Warens did young Jean-Jacques Rousseau at *Les Charmettes*. He called her " Dida," and dedicated compositions to her. It must have been a romantic interlude for the son of the Genoa shipper's packer who loved music: the boy fiddler who made his *début* at nine at a concert given by the great singer Luigi Marchesi and captivated the audience with variations on the patriotic French air *La Carmagnole*.

Even as a schoolboy he had become something of a celebrity. When his father took him to the famous teacher and composer, Rolla, at Parma, they found him ill in bed, and were asked to wait in an adjoining room. On the table lay the master's violin and his latest concerto.

" See what you can do with that! " whispered Paganini *père*.

Young Nicolo played the piece so well at sight that Rolla sat up in bed, demanding: " Who is the professor? " " 'Tis but a child," he was told. He called them in and told the lad: " I can teach you nothing."

NICOLO took lessons in counterpoint with another master, then composed —without instrument—twenty-four fugues for four hands: a remarkable feat for one so young. At thirteen he toured the cities of North Italy and wrote his first notable violin composition. At fourteen he broke away from home with his brother to create a sensation at the Lucca annual music festival.

Then he began to live and love and

The girl stood staring raptly at the full moon through an open window. She turned, saw Paganini, and screamed

gamble at cards. At Leghorn he was at his wits' end to know how to fulfil an engagement, for he had pawned his fiddle and had no money. At the last minute a kindly French merchant lent him a Guarnerius. When he returned it after the concert: "No," said the merchant, "my hands shall never profane the violin your fingers have touched. It is yours."

Such was the youth who lived the Tuscan idyll with a gracious protectress, to the guitar's seductive music. Romantic, idealistic love? He would not say, even when, on his return to Genoa, scandal tongues wagged that he had really been to prison for murder. His name, he protested, had been confused with that of another violinist arrested for conspiring to murder a wealthy priest. That was all. Even so painstaking a biographer as Jeffrey Pulver could not solve the riddle.

HE was barely twenty-one when he found another protectress: Napoleon's sister, Elisa Bacciochi, Princess of Lucca and Piombo, who made him her court musical director and—to entitle him to attend the royal functions—Captain of her Bodyguard. Every fortnight he composed a grand concerto for her, but she never stayed to the end, he said, because she was too nervous to stand the exciting harmonics. A countess of the court, however, always stayed—not only for the music. One day he promised her a sonata, *Scène Amoureuse*, inspired by their sentimental attachment. He took the platform with only two strings to his violin, the G for the lady, the E for the man, in a spirited dialogue representing the caprices, passions and reconciliations of love. They sighed, lamented, sported, laughed, became drunkenly mad, ended with a *coda brilliante* of love reconciled. Paganini, in short, was confessing his love on a two-stringed fiddle—and the lady recompensed him with a sweet smile.

Said the Princess afterwards: "Since you have done the impossible on two strings, might not *one* suffice you?" He smiled, and duly executed on the G string a *Napoleone* sonata, which induced him to exploit one-string compositions. He became such a box of tricks that he was even accused of fraying strings purposely in order to display his uncanny skill when they snapped!

AS a gay Lothario with senses ever alert for amorous adventures, he found himself in strange situations. Seeing a pretty girl at a Lucca window, he bribed a barber to arrange a meeting. They knocked at the house at night. A serving-woman conducted him secretly to a room where in dim lamplight the girl stood staring raptly at the full moon through an open window. The woman whispered to her, she turned, saw Paganini, and screamed. The woman tried to pacify her, but she shrieked all the more. Alarmed by the noise, the barber waiting in the street called to him to "Come out! Come out!" At the sound of someone approaching, out went the lamp—and out went a scared Paganini through the open window. The girl's mind had been deranged by a

The love of his life, Antonia Bianchi, was fiercely jealous and would scream and rave on the slightest provocation. If he signed a woman admirer's album after a concert, she would often seize it and tear it to bits

In his last hour Paganini reached out from his deathbed for his cherished violin to brush with trembling fingers a ghostly music from the strings

hapless love ; she thought her lover would come to her by the full moon ; and when she turned and saw Paganini, what could she do but utter shrieks of hysterical joy ?

IN the spring of 1814, when he was playing in Milan, he heard that a countrywoman of his, the beautiful Rosina, was also in the city. A friend told him the street but did not know the number, though she was living on " the second floor." Desperate to find her, he tried the second floor of house after house, and on knocking at one door found a most attractive woman ill in a bed, half-hidden by curtains in a shadowy room.

" Are you the doctor ? " she asked in a feeble voice.

" Yes," said Paganini. He began questioning her as a doctor might, took her pulse, held her hand, pressed it yet more closely. Then, peering into his face and recognising him, she mocked : " I did not know that Signor Paganini was also a doctor ! "

" Ah ! " he lied, " I know I do wrong to come thus disguised, but I saw you somewhere and fell so deeply in love with you that I had to find you again in this way ! "

Just then an elderly man entered the room, and she quickly withdrew her hand. " The Signore Dottore ? " he enquired, seeing Paganini. " Yes," she replied. " Then pray be seated," he told Paganini, and at once began questioning him about her illness, using the Latin and Greek terms of a medical specialist. Paganini nodded like a wise old owl, agreeing with him to save argument, which would betray his ignorance. When at last he was expected to write a prescription, he bluffed by suggesting that Nature be left to do her work—at least until the next day. " Yes, that is the best treatment," the old man agreed, much to the impostor's relief. But he was in a fret lest the real doctor turn up, and at length excused himself on the plea that he had to visit another patient.

All the same, he paid the lady subsequent visits, became most familiar with her pulse, learned that she was a widow. " With her return to health and youthful vigour came love," he recorded, " and for the first and last time I owed Æsculapius a deep debt of gratitude."

AN escapade at Genoa the following year with a tailor's daughter, supposedly sweet seventeen, was not so happy. The father started a long lawsuit, complaining that Paganini had promised to marry his Angelina after betraying her " innocence " in an empty schoolroom. It transpired that she was neither seventeen nor innocent, but twenty and partial to other young men, including soldiers. As to the question of a coming baby—which did not arrive, after all—he was elsewhere at the material time. But, after a sordid legal wrangle, he had to pay 3,000 francs for technical breach-of-promise.

Shortly after that he met the love of his life, Antonia Bianchi, a young Sicilian singer, in Venice. At first he was held off by talk of her conduct, but, meeting her again, trained her to appear with him on his tours, singing in his programmes. After a long stay in Sicily, she bore him a son at Palermo, and then the trouble began. The Bianchi, fiercely jealous, would scream and rave on the slightest provocation. " For no reason at all," he complained, " she flies into a frenzy."

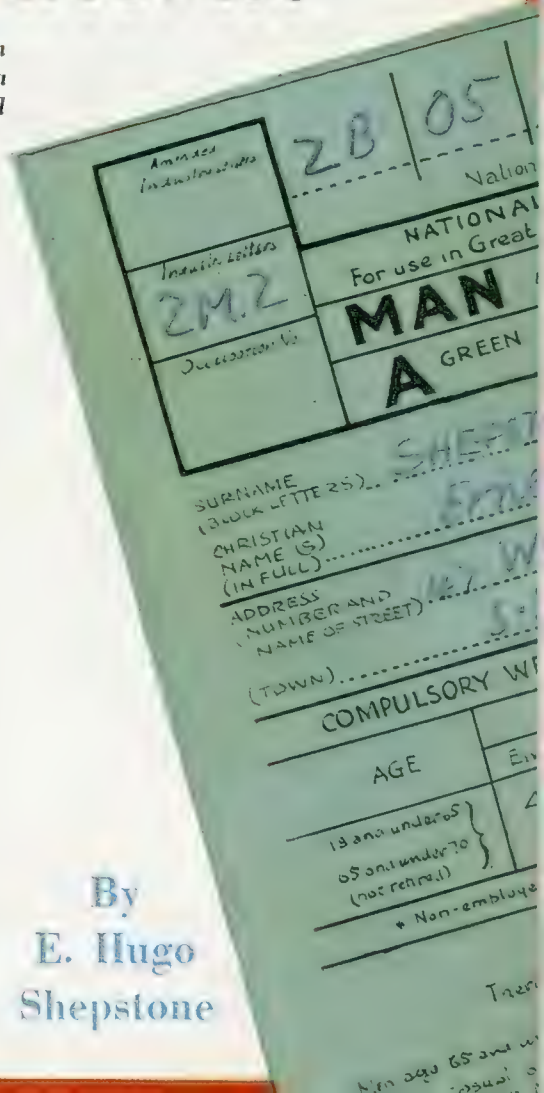
Visiting friends, Paganini discussed with them a certain woman violinist—whereupon the Bianchi sulked, insisted on leaving, and when asked why, went into a fury and boxed his ears. If he showed the least interest in another woman she reacted like a raging Xantippe —sometimes, perhaps, not without cause. If he signed a woman admirer's album after a concert, she was quite capable of seizing it and tearing it to bits. One evening she took his violin case, dashed it to the floor, left it in splinters, and might have done the same to his precious Guarnerius if a servant had not wrested it from her.

These emotional tornadoes frayed Paganini's nerves and worsened the cough which now troubled him. She liked expensive clothes, jewels, entertainments, but complained that he was mean, so he settled on her 100 Milanese *scudi* annually for life. It made no difference.

After a few years of it he decided that " owing to my having made so much of her she has become a veritable pest," and arranged a separation in the courts. She was to be paid 2,000 *scudi* forthwith, and 600 a year, abandoning all rights over the son Achillino. She departed with her finery and jewels, leaving Paganini to enjoy the fame which made him a sinister legend, enthralling Empress, Archdukes and Archduchesses in Vienna, making such a conquest of London that he was mobbed in the streets, and in a year's tour earned nearly £17,000—a fortune in the 1830's. (*Continued on page 74*)

National Health Patient

The workings of the National Health Service as seen through the eyes of a patient in a great London hospital



By E. Hugo Shepstone

IN spite of the fierce controversies still raging over various aspects of the National Health Service, most of us agree—whatever our political persuasion — it is with us for the remainder of our lives. And as our lives are its whole concern I think my experiences may help others to form a neutral opinion of its merits and demerits.

For I write from the viewpoint of a London Hospital patient where I recently underwent a major operation under the National Health Service. Consequently I have already received more than my money's worth of first-class surgical, medical and nursing attention. Apart from the weekly contributions which we all have to pay, rich and poor alike, it has cost me absolutely nothing. Actual health apart, this comparative freedom from economic difficulties is the greatest single factor, both psychologically and medically, which the National Health Service has to offer the average patient.

In my own particular case a few friends raised eyebrows in questioning alarm when they learnt I had no intention of becoming a private patient. But my operation was not a simple appendix or tonsil case when the patient's stay in hospital rarely exceeds a couple of weeks. I was to undergo one of the latest and most complicated of modern operations necessitating twelve weeks as a bed patient followed by several months treatment as an out-patient, and to-day one has to be pretty comfortably off financially to be able to afford a lengthy stay in hospital as a private patient.

MY first step was to see the surgeon at London Hospital who, after an exhaustive examination, decided to operate. My complaint is advanced osteo-arthritis of the hips, and this new and revolutionary surgical treatment, originating from America, consists of removing the diseased bone round the joints and inserting a metal cup in its place. Naturally this involves special post-operation treatment which accounts for the lengthy time which has to be spent in hospital.

The surgeon informed me they could not perform the operation for another five or six months owing to the long waiting list, and actually it was over ten months before I was admitted. Needless to add, acute and emergency operations are always carried out immediately. Anyway, when I was beginning to wonder if London Hospital had forgotten all about my case, I received one morning a notification to enter the hospital three days hence. Accompanying the letter was a small brochure, resembling a shipping company's pamphlet of a holiday cruise, which contained all relevant details pertaining to my forthcoming stay in the hospital. I thought it a very nice gesture.

On arrival at the hospital I received a more friendly welcome than I have encountered from many a receptionist in a British hotel. Then I was taken to the orthopaedic ward and introduced to the sister, whose charming confidence allayed all my hidden fears. It was a large, spacious ward (*Continued on page* 65)

Mona Liselle

A Short Story by Jossleyn Hennessy

"I SEE you as a girl in love. It was in a Paris restaurant. You were the Princess Titonescu and you had run away with a young count from an elderly husband"

I WAS dining at one of the embassies in Washington. The food was choice; the wine rare; my neighbours agreeable; but my attention was absorbed by the woman who sat opposite me. Her hair was a beautifully shaded silver, yet I guessed her to be only in the late forties. Her features were small and delicate; her skin had an opaline transparency; she had an enchanting little mouth that smiled easily, although in repose it was sad and a trifle hard; her chin was as firm as any woman's need be; her conversation was animated; she was the wife of Count Paul Tribesco, ambassador from a country of south-eastern Europe. When I had been introduced, she had made no special impression, but the moment that I was seated and looked across the white damask, she was haloed for me as in a still picture of a half-dissolved fade-out, and an "I-have-been-here-before" sensation invaded me, strangely mingled with feelings of sympathy and excitement, envy and admiration. In vain, I racked my memory. The more that I looked at Countess Tribesco, the more was I convinced that she had once inspired in me the emotions that I was now re-living.

In the criss-cross of the after dinner move to the terrace, where an intermittent breeze occasionally relieved the damp heat of a Washington night in July, I contrived to sit next to her.

"You know, Countess," I began, "we've already met somewhere."

"If only I'd made a more lasting impression on you, you'd be able to remind me when and where," she said, faintly but amiably ironic.

Her tone struck echoes in my mind. I heard a girl's voice say, "You mean—Mona Lisette!" with exactly the same lilt, and I half saw her small mouth, then neither sad nor hard, curved in amusement. What "Mona Lisette" meant, I could not think, but the feeling of a mood of happiness, of romance, grew strong in me.

"I see you as a girl in love—triumphantly in love," I said. "You are dining opposite me, as you were to-night. But, of course! It was in a Paris restaurant. You were the Princess Titonescu and you had run away with a young count from an elderly husband."

If she was startled by this frontal attack, her recovery was immediate:

"I hope he was dashing, and handsome, and deserved my love."

"He was twenty-three—a year older than you and he was as handsome as you were, as you are, beautiful. He had smooth, blonde hair and pale cheeks——"

"'Interesting' pale cheeks——?"

How easily raillery came to her, and how attractive it was!

"He was a country gentleman's son. He had had a brilliant university career; great things were expected of him in your diplomatic service—but he had given it all up for you."

Countess Tribesco rose somewhat abruptly.

"The leaves are moving in the garden," she observed. "Shall we try to catch more of the breeze" And, in the most natural way, she took my arm. "Wasn't it tactless of you to burst in on this romantic twosome in Paris? Didn't I object to you strongly?"

"There's a perfectly simple explanation as to how you came to dine with me at the *Bœuf à la mode*. Don't you remember that ——"

(*Continued on page* 66)

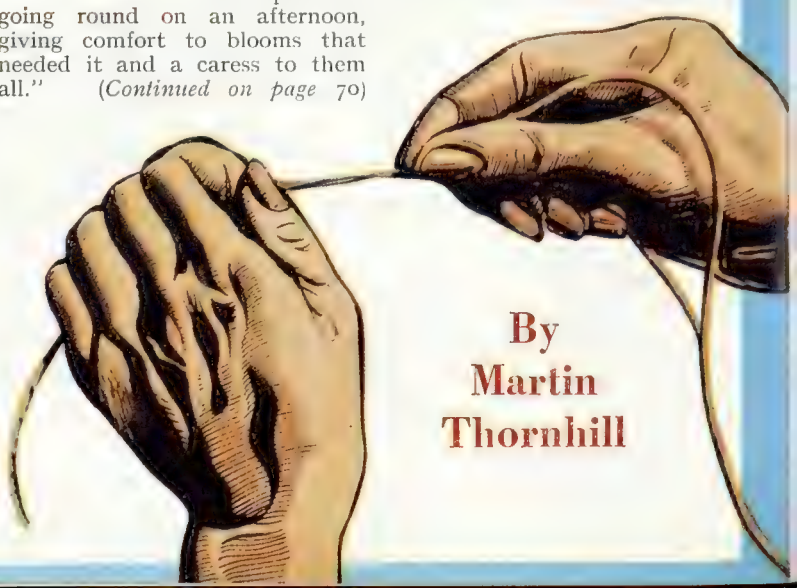
Intuition In Her Fingers

THERE are Green Fingers, and fingers which, though not that colour at birth, are early tinged an off-green from their owners' itch at least to approach this happy state. The idiom means, of course, that pleasant quality which marks a person as one who does well with most things that grow in gardens. A few among those who appear to be born with the distinction wield floral wonders that seem almost magical.

This, indeed, would seem to be so in the case of Mr. Daniel Prosser, who owns a nursery at Gloucester, and has been a plantman all his life. Prosser professes not only to have personal knowledge of many instances of this apparent influence over the growth of plants, but is also a believer in what appears to be some sort of telepathy on plant growth and behaviour. And, what is still more to the point, he possesses the quality in an uncommon degree himself. Like many gifted people, Mr. Prosser credits his own powers to his particular subjects, claiming that plants have all the senses possessed by animals, with the sole exception of speech.

His suspicions, he tells me, were first aroused when, working as a youth in a nursery garden, he discovered that a group of roses had altered their colour. Wondering if this might be a case of simple jealousy, he tried what he then called "playing tricks" with them, and found that it was so. Since then he has frequently induced a rose to "sport" (produce flowers of a different colour) by consistently admiring a newcomer of the desired colour, which was close beside it. This, Prosser believes, seems to have something in it of telepathy, or an agency very akin to it. And certainly this plantman appears to be able to exercise this mutual understanding to excellent purpose. By wishing ardently that a certain young rose shall grow to good points and a good colour he can persuade it to do so.

I believe that much of his magic lies in his fond and constant ministrations. He is continually walking round his nurseries, giving his darlings a friendly touch and an admiring glance, and making sure that they are contented and comfortable. The conviction receives added weight from one of Mr. Prosser's own statements. "Haven't you," he said, "on visits to important flower shows noticed those exquisite plants set in a row down the middle of the hall or marquee, and that the same persons win honours with them at show after show? These old plantmen seem to have a mysterious power over their plants. I have often watched them going round on an afternoon, giving comfort to blooms that needed it and a caress to them all." (*Continued on page* 70)



By Martin Thornhill

The Price Of A Dream

SHE unbuttoned the coat and slid it back from her bare shoulders

Luke Had Lost His Faults, But With Them He Also Lost His Blind Infatuation For The Glamorous Louise

By

Paul Warren Graham

A COLD wind blew along Anneesensstraat, driving the rain with it. The reflected light of neon signs flickered over the shiny blackness of wet paving stones and the few pedestrians hurried, hunched inside their raincoats, towards their destinations. Far off, occasional lightning played in the clouds.

When his taxi had eased into the kerb and stopped, Luke Freeman paid its driver and stepped out into the rain. Above his head, the name, "BOB'S," blinked down in red. Curtains had been drawn across the inside of the semi-circular plate-glass window that fronted the place and the door was closed against the weather. He pushed it open and went in.

On the small, red-tiled dance floor, a dozen grinning youngsters jitterbugged to the music of a juke box that stood against one wall—a gaudy reminder of American influence. In a corner, a very fat man in baggy grey flannels, was shaking a pinball machine and swearing in Flemish. Tables, spaced a few inches apart, ran back into the body of the café, beginning on one side at the juke box and from the end of the bar on the other. There were people sitting at about half of these—mostly belonging to the young set who dressed and talked like Americans and used "Bob's" as a club.

Several of them waved at the young man who had entered and called, "Hallo there, Luke." Marie, the waitress, was behind the bar rinsing out glasses, and she too turned at the sound of the door opening and closing. Her smile greeted him, lifting the corners of her mouth and spreading to her eyes as she reached for the bottle of Scotch. By the time he had taken off his damp trench coat and hung it from one of the hooks beside the door, she had poured his usual double and was adding water. He walked over to straddle the red leather of a stool.

Marie was wearing a black sweater, just tight enough to show the fine curve of her breasts. Pale golden hair gleamed back from her temples to fall in loose waves around slim shoulders; the lobes of her ears showed, small and pink.

"Hallo Luke," she murmured. "They're out after you to-night."

"Who?"

"The women of Antwerp, *chéri*. There've been at least four of them in here already—all with the idea that you're their special property. Where've you been? You're later than usual."

He grinned at her over his drink. "At

the 'Maaneschijn.' Ilona there gives me sandwiches with my whisky."

"Ilona! She'd like to give you more than sandwiches."

"This is a hell of a town. Is there any mail for me there?"

She searched in a drawer. "No. Not to-day," then leaned across the bar to look over the customers. Satisfied that none needed service, she said quietly, trying to hide laughter: "If I was one of your girl friends, I'd cut your throat. One of them probably will before too long." Her voice was low, husky with only a slight inflection betraying the fact that English was not native to her. The music changed into the slower rhythm of a new Doris Day recording.

The Englishman finished off his drink and complained, "Can I help it if all you women here are sex crazed?" then added hurriedly, "Like to dance?"

She followed him out onto the floor and came into his arms. Body and thighs shaped themselves against his, weightless, warm through her clothes as they moved off to the beat.

"What did you mean by that wise-crack?" she hissed as he turned her to dodge a couple who marked time in one spot and seemed to have forgotten all about dancing.

"You shouldn't take anything I say too seriously."

"I don't suppose so." Her hair was soft and clean against the side of his jaw and he thought that if he had never met Louise Wyler, he might have been very interested in Marie. A moment's bitterness caught him and then he smiled tightly over his partner's shoulder as he thought, Now they chase me. Now I can laugh.

Marie was saying, "I wonder why you've never made a pass at me, Luke."

"Maybe I like you too much."

"Is that so bad? Have women got you so frightened that you have to keep yourself surrounded by them for fear you'll fall for one in particular."

"Could be—the old safety in numbers idea."

A VOICE called his name, "Hey, Luke." It was Marie and, realizing that it was only her, he slowed until she caught up with him. "Here's your raincoat. You're all wet"

Illustrations
By Frank Lea

Suddenly she was angry, pushing away from him to look up into the strong, unlined wedge of his face, almost masklike with its lack of expression. Red blotches coloured the skin over her cheekbones and spread; a harshness overlaid the husky melody of her voice. "What kind of a man are you, Luke? Oh don't imagine that I think what everyone else thinks—that you're only out for a good time. The smooth guy, the ladies' man. Huh! Why do you stay in Antwerp, Luke? Don't give me that nonsense about wanting atmosphere for your writing. She must have been quite a woman to chase you away from your own country."

The music ended and someone called, "Hey, Marie. Turn that Romeo loose and bring us another round." It was Jan Goossens, a young pianist who sat at a table with a group of friends. Luke lifted a hand to wave at him as Marie said, "Thanks for the dance, Luke." She had control of herself again.

"I'll take you out somewhere when the café closes."

"There's no need. I prefer human beings to tailors' dummies."

A girl named Liza was sitting with Jan's party. She rose and came across to Luke. "Take me somewhere, darling. It bores me here."

"Not to-night, honey, some other time. You look nice in grey."

"I suppose you're waiting for that Frenchwoman."

"Marie? You've a suspicious mind."

"A logical one, you mean. She practically lives with you up there." She pointed up and Luke thought that there were probably a lot of people who had formed wrong conclusions from the fact that both he and Marie rented rooms above the café.

"Run along Liza. I'm not in the mood."

He reached in a pocket for cigarettes and it was then that the door from the street opened. He had been wishing for the moment for so long, planning for it and yet he was not ready. A sudden shock of sick excitement churned through him, driving the blood back from his face to dull his mind.

A woman stood there. The lights set in the ceiling above him did not shine directly on her so that half her face was left in shadow. Over the evening gown that slid down, black, to flare out in a froth at the ankles, she wore a heavy white woollen coat with a high collar turned up, great padded shoulders and two vertical rows of oversized gold buttons down its front. Her eyes found his at once and held them as she unbuttoned the coat and slid it back from her bare shoulders to stand there, swinging it in her right hand. The shadow ran down and under to frame the curving point of her chin and fill the little hollows above her collar bones.

Luke lit his cigarette and smiled at her through its smoke. He was all right now. There was only that nervous tightening across the chest and a vague, cold feeling that had nothing to do with the temperature. She started to walk towards him and a voice nearby exclaimed, "Oh my God!" Somebody whistled as rich auburn hair flamed back at the lights.

She spoke first. "It's good to see you, darling," and leaned against him to brush cool, parted lips across the hard flat of his cheek. Her perfume was all around him.

"Hallo Louise." As if this was a woman he saw every night and not the woman about whom he had prayed, "Please let her come to me—wanting me as I have wanted her."

But this was not quite what he had expected; it was too soon yet. The book was not out—the book that was to prove that, for the rest of the way, there would be no stopping Luke Freeman. That would prove that from then on he would have all the money she had wanted and he had not had when he knew her in London.

Oh, she had led him along all right—as long as it had amused her to. He first met her at a party given by his agent, Arthur Melrin—Arthur who complained so often, "How can you expect me to sell stories that break every existing rule, Luke?"

He was rather surprised when she agreed to his first experimental, "Would you have dinner with me one night?" The remarkable intensity of the shy, rather awkward young man and his frank admiration of her beauty must have been a change to her after the bright artificiality of the men she knew, who decorated West End bars, who always wore the right clothes and could do all the things she expected of an escort. She flattered him, built his hopes until when he finally asked her to marry him, he asked with confidence—the most confidence he had ever had in his life.

But then she laughed. "Marry you, Luke!" How she had laughed. At his clothes—the unpressed tweeds that always smelled of pipe smoke and the dinner suit that on him did not look like a dinner suit at all. At his dancing; he could never follow the music. At the little mannerisms that made him seem peculiar to her friends and made them ask, "Why do you waste your time on him?" But most of all she laughed at his writing.

"What would I do with a writer who will never have anything more than a lot of rejection slips?"

He pleaded; he was so much in love with her that even his pride went by the board. But she laughed.

After the pain inside him dulled, the memory of her laughter lingered and he made his resolve. He still loved her and he could not blame her for her decision. He would remake himself, keep away from her until he had become the kind of man she wanted and he would prove to her that he could be successful.

In the months that followed, he learned to groom himself and to dress properly. He took dancing lessons. He asked women out with him and always the best looking and the most popular—not because he parti- (*Continued on page 80*)

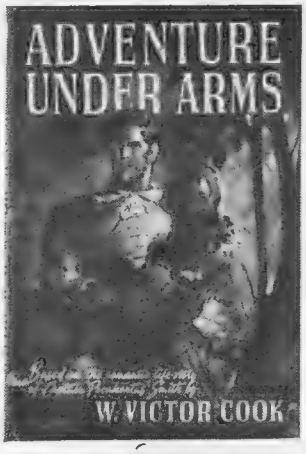
Books:

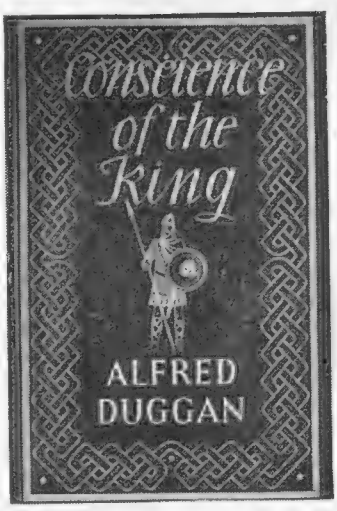
Reviewed by

Trevor Allen

"EVERY inch of Africa is worth seeing and the only way to see it is by road," said Wilson MacArthur, plumping for a return to South Africa by car after the war, with wife Joan. So they boarded the "Black Beetle" and drove by way of France, Spain, North Africa, Cairo. Others, they found, had been that way, apart from Rommel and the 8th Army, for Tripoli's welfare officer told them: "We've had quite a few parties through here, on their way to South Africa. . . . They generally get here with the women quarrelling like wildcats and the men snarling at each other and everybody in a foul temper and not a particle of food left. Precious little money, too, and all manner of things wrong with their vehicles. The British Army has been kept pretty busy patching things up." **"Auto Nomad in Barbary"** (Cassell, 16s.) with the author's photographs, is a lively account of this part of the journey, the places, people and conditions *en route*, of vivid interest to motorists who can realize by proxy the ambitious dreams they have, driving the family to Brighton or Blackpool. . . .

SHEILA M. O'CALLAGHAN'S 3,000 miles through Spain was mainly a politico-religious journey, and possibly the O' predisposes her to like and defend the Franco régime, with scornful jibes at the "hypocritical" democracies which have stood him in a corner with his face to the wall to "larn him" a lesson. She is really very angry to have to call his country **"Cinderella of Europe"** (Skeffington, 12s. 6d.) when poor Cinders has every right to be enjoying herself at the ball—if that is the right term for our present jittery restiveness—rather than democracy's Ugly Sisters. Free to go where she liked, she gives a thorough survey of the social and economic scene, but her findings need to be cross-checked with Gerald Brenan's who, in *The Face of Spain*, quotes a Priego shopkeeper: "Go and see things for yourself, and then you will be able to tell your countrymen that life here is impossible and that the working classes are dying of hunger."





WHO would imagine that a paltry vine plant, *Philodendron Scandens*, left in a New York flat by a previous tenant, could breed a book? Ross Parmenter not only adopted and nurtured it; it led him to study botany, consult florist and botanical garden expert, deduce human analogies from its growth, for: "Just as we are all indoor gardeners, so, in a sense, those of us who live in cities are all potted plants. Like the house-plants, we have lost our self-reliance and become dependent on the external ministrations of others for our sustenance." **"The Plant in My Window"** (Bles, 7s. 6d.) persuades us that Europe might be a happier place if someone smuggled a potted *Philodendron* into the Kremlin, to take the Politburo boys' minds off direr matters which only breed evil.

J. B. Pick has worked in a pit, and he seems to know all the miner's *gen* and a number of his choice epithets. **"Out of the Pit"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.) is a realistic, up-to-the-minute story of Midland miners with no illusions about the National Coal Board, especially when it sends a film unit to make a propaganda documentary. The eruptive effect of this, and a strike over the opening of a seam deemed dangerous, brings drama to Oldford and frustration to pitman Dave Stand in his love for a smashing blonde clippie. If all these things can happen under nationalisation, at least the miners cannot complain of dullness. Nor the reader, for that matter, since the tale is teemingly alive.

IT is an old, challenging question: what are the meaning and purpose of war's sacrifices? Hardiman Scott takes a village community—farmhand serving in the Western Desert, squire-scientist doing secret research, his poet son who becomes a "conchie," the vicar who joins up as padre and dies at Arnhem—and tries to formulate some sort of an answer through philosopher Dr. Heral who writes a play about the village before he, too, dies in an air-raid. **"The Lonely River"** (Evans, 9s. 6d.) (*Continued on page* 58)

VILLAGE INDIA

WHATEVER the political and economic fruits of Britain's contact with India, we may be proud that it has fostered writers like Tagore and Sudhin N. Ghose, whose second volume of autobiography, **"Cradle of the Clouds"** (Michael Joseph, 15s.) describes his youth in a remote village from the time he passes a scholarship examination to his departure for Calcutta to complete his teacher's training course. Peasants, Punditji and village council, customs, superstitions, folklore, dances, even the "Commie" zealot who says "Education is propaganda. Propaganda to suit the requirements of society"—all are presented in exquisite prose through the sensitive mind of the boy grown man. I have never read a book which so permeated me with the scent, colour and spirit of village India, making me feel that I *know* the country and its people though I have never been there. A rare achievement, worthy of the highest unqualified praise, with delicate line-drawings by Shrimti Arnakali E. Carlile.

Silly Season

WITH the first trickle of sunshine across the carpets, housewifely hearts that are in the right place are commonly understood to start lilting. Poets and wishful-thinkers notwithstanding, the fact is that there is a sad impediment to the lilting process. Spring is here, but so is the spring cleaning.

Of all things associated with the Silly Season, this foreboding which takes the enchantment out of April is the silliest. Why spring clean?

For this once I am entirely on the side of the maddening male who cocks a contemptuous eye at the prevailing chaos and mutters, "It's a mania. Why do it?" Indeed, why?

Looking at the thing dispassionately and detaching oneself from all the things one learned from mother who undoubtedly knew it all, but didn't live in an age of gadget efficiency, one must see that we are clinging to outworn methods and fostering a convention that ought to have been laid away with the Brussels lace curtains.

If one hasn't been skipping the corners for eleven-and-a-half months of the year, there can be no good reason for turning the place out of the windows for the last fortnight of it.

This tradition of the annual All-in Wrestling Competition With Dirt goes back to the days before vacuum cleaners kept the carpets immaculate, taking in the upholstery on their weekly sweep.

Mother had a lifetime's assortment of linen in the closet to be checked and overhauled; a small ransom in the way of silver and china; a year's steady eating in the way of preserves and "stores" stowed away in cupboards ingeniously designed to promote hard labour. I don't have to remind you of the comparison with our own domestic resources. A Utility china dinner service, six egg cups and a limited assortment of unmatched drinking vessels do not present the same sort of problems by my estimate, or do they?

IT all comes back to efficiency, after all. But without throwing an embarrassing spotlight on one's domestic capabilities and even supposing that a certain amount of turning out is unavoidable, why make such heavy weather of it?

If conscience demands that you turn out the bookshelves, enjoy it. Could anything be nicer than flicking over the leaves of some volume you haven't layed hands on for twelve years, only to discover that terrible letter from Henry that put you in such a frenzy and which, in the light of today, looks merely pompous and shows you to have been a silly ass ever to have thought it mattered?

What good sense to cast aside the whole silly business of dusting the books while you refresh your memory with a fascinating chapter from some romantic work of fiction you haven't thought of for years? This sort of thing makes the spring cleaning really worth while.

Supposing it *is* necessary to clean the paint. "A door a day" philosophy keeps the whole thing in a sane perspective; appeases all demands of conscience, preserves the peace of the home and gets the paint clean—ultimately. W. L.

PARIS

Parisian portrait for 1951. The line, the colours, the accessories which English women will adapt for their own use

A crossed white ribbon with lilies of the valley lights up a neck-line

Stole scarves are draped at the neck in various ways and often tucked through the waistbelt to form a peplum. Christian Dior

Outsize white piqué collar, good for any simple tight bodice dress. Gres

PARIS has offered in essence a "no change" silhouette; no radical break but only subtle variations on the old theme.

The full-length portrait of the woman of this Festival Year is well mannered, discreetly elegant, essentially feminine, with few frills and a hemline halfway up the calves. It is a charming picture and easy to copy.

Dior paints the portrait in muted tones with a natural silhouette founded on an oval theme. The head is oval, shunning width; the line from shoulder to waist is oval again with bust gently emphasized and waist nipped, and the third oval is from the hips to the hem-edge with slightly rounded hips and straight narrow skirts softened with flaring drapes.

For suits and tailored dresses the outline is slim but not hard. Suit revers are low and prettiest when rolled; jackets end just below the hips and are rounded from the pinched waist-line. More generally, summer dresses have simple, trim bodices and crystal pleated skirts.

AS for colours, one could say that the portrait is painted in watercolours. Grey, smoky, delicate and muted provides the background for yellow. All yellows from ochre to sharpest lemon. Chinese pink crops up continually and is again combined with yellow, a lovely

Collar necklace of glass and diamanté and bold ear-rings coiled at the base of the ear

The portrait of the younger woman shows the up-and-down silhouette softened with front skirt fullness and long softly rolled lapels. Jean Desses

IANA

Lipstick is carefully chosen to team with fashion colours among which grey and yellow predominate

The tall umbrella grows even taller and occasionally sports a lorgnette. Griffe

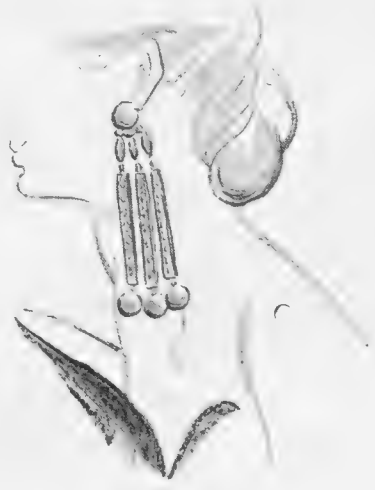
and flattering combination. Chinese colours are, in fact, much favoured —melon pink, coral, clearwater blue, kingfisher and an occasional accent of lacquer red.

The face in this full-length portrait is delicately pale. A pale make-up with darker brows and a vivid rose mouth epitomizes the "flower look." A good light covering foundation, with matching powder in shades such as our English colours Lotus or Cherub achieves the right skin tone, and, this is important, lip colours must be chosen for clothes, or the quiet blended effect is lost. A Lip-Line case with many interchangeable refill colours solves the problem for the English woman of this essential lipstick wardrobe.

For instance, among the range of yellows, lemon would call for Heavenly Pink lipstick; burnt straw for Chestnut; mimosa for Cock's Comb. Among the variations of pink, rose asks for Cyclamen lipstick, sugar pink for Heavenly Pink, and coral for Sea Coral.

THE portrait is finished but for the head and this is where most change is seen. Hair is longer and the chignon dominates the picture. Hats are mainly small brimmed, set straight on the head with trimming at the back. For evening, flowers are clustered round the chignon or some scintillating ornament of paste or sequins clings to the coil on the neck. Naturally the larger chignon calls for the pin-on kind but without the aid of a "switch," longer hair must be drawn back and *up* to balance the hats which now lie flat. This is the portrait of the year. No eccentric lines, no fuss and few frills, a picture that every woman can paint.

Shaggy pink flowers "crown" the ingénue's longer hair. Balmain



Tassel ear-rings team with the chignon. A diamanté ornament is pinned to the coil on the neck

Mad Carpentier's straw sailor is typical, with wings behind

Among The Gold

By Rona Randall

I FOUND my first grey hair when I was seventeen. I was terrified. I saw old age leering at me round the corner before girlhood had departed. There was to be no youth for me. If I ever married (which, now, seemed improbable) how could I ever indulge in the white wedding of my dreams? A grey-haired virgin, thought I, was a thing to ridicule. Certainly not to advertise.

Childish? Of course. Stupid, undoubtedly. But I was the youngest of four sisters and, being cursed with an imagination, saw myself being mistaken for the eldest. I'd been the "baby" of the family all my life, and liked it. Besides, the Oxford dictionary defined the word "grey" as: " . . . *coloured like ashes or lead; dull, clouded, depressing, dismal, (of person or his hair) . . . belonging to old age. . . .*"

So I rushed for a pair of tweezers and pulled the darned thing out.

After that, of course, I was always plucking, until the single grey hair became a dozen. Then a streak. Foolishly, I saw nothing attractive about a grey streak in a young dark head. Neither did I see anything attractive about a patch worn bald by constant pruning. There was nothing to do, but change my parting and cover it up.

MY mother gave me iron tonics. She dosed me with syrup of hypophosphites. She called in a doctor who pronounced me sound in wind and limb and certainly not anaemic. He laughed with kindly tolerance and said: "Perhaps she needs calcium. . . ." I had a diet of the stuff for months. It made no difference.

I tried hair tonics, scalp treatments, messy pomades and stinking lotions. I don't know why it didn't occur to anyone that I should stop having my hair waved into potato furrows with curling tongs, drying all the natural oil, sizzling the ends to a frazzle. That was the way we wore our hair in those hideous days of the twenties, when perms were still something of a pipe dream. Regimented ridges all round, like corrugated iron. Adding years to our appearance—certainly to mine.

And then, to my delight, I discovered the henna rinse. This didn't make it red, but, used after a shampoo, "brought out the chestnut tones of the hair." Or so my hairdresser told me. And I was able to abandon the curling irons for a gentle perm. The condition of my hair quickly improved. I was thinning down a bit, too. I even acquired one or two boy friends. Before this, they had shunned me as if I were a female skunk.

THE late thirties were kinder to me than the late twenties. I had pine tar shampoos, wielded a hairbrush unafraid, chose a more becoming hair style and nature, at last co-operative, whittled away another half stone from my short, square figure. But still my Secret Enemy Number One was premature greyness, and still I fought it, covering up tell-tale hairs with mascara when stepping out.

The virginal white wedding (or the importance of it) had receded, but when it did miraculously fall into my lap I donned white watered silk and enjoyed it. But I remember keeping the car waiting at the door and the bridegroom waiting at the church whilst I dabbed furiously at my temples (veil askew) with a lotion guaranteed to cover my guilty secret.

Of course, someone should have locked me up and given me psychiatric treatment.

That was twelve years ago, but marriage and the passing of time did not increase my wisdom. I succumbed, at last, to the inevitable tinting. Once every six months, at first. Then three. Then two. Finally one. The grey hairs increasing—and the expense, too. I hated it, cursed myself, despised my weakness, deplored my vanity, consoled myself with the thought that, at least, no one knew. (I really believed they didn't.) (*Continued on page* 79)

Making A Splash

THE English bathroom, along with our kitchens and our cooking, comes in for a lot of criticism, most of which is founded on out-of-date tenets. Most bathrooms with any claims to modernity are adequately, if not luxuriously equipped. If they fall below the more exotic standards, the explanation is generally to be found in the cost of reconstructional work, not in the inability of the British to take their ablutions, and their comforts, seriously.

If one is in the position to pull out the plumbing and introduce splendid new bathroom equipment, there is little more to do than sign the cheque, but when the urge for comfort has insufficient backing from the kitty there must be a different approach to the problem and means to comfort sought in a less costly way.

There is much to be said for visual comfort in the bathroom. It goes without saying that an appeal to the eye goes a very little way if the geyser isn't working, but assuming the practical amenities to be above minimum standards, the bathroom which is just a convenient and hygienic place for washing in, can become a setting for comfortable dalliance at bath-time.

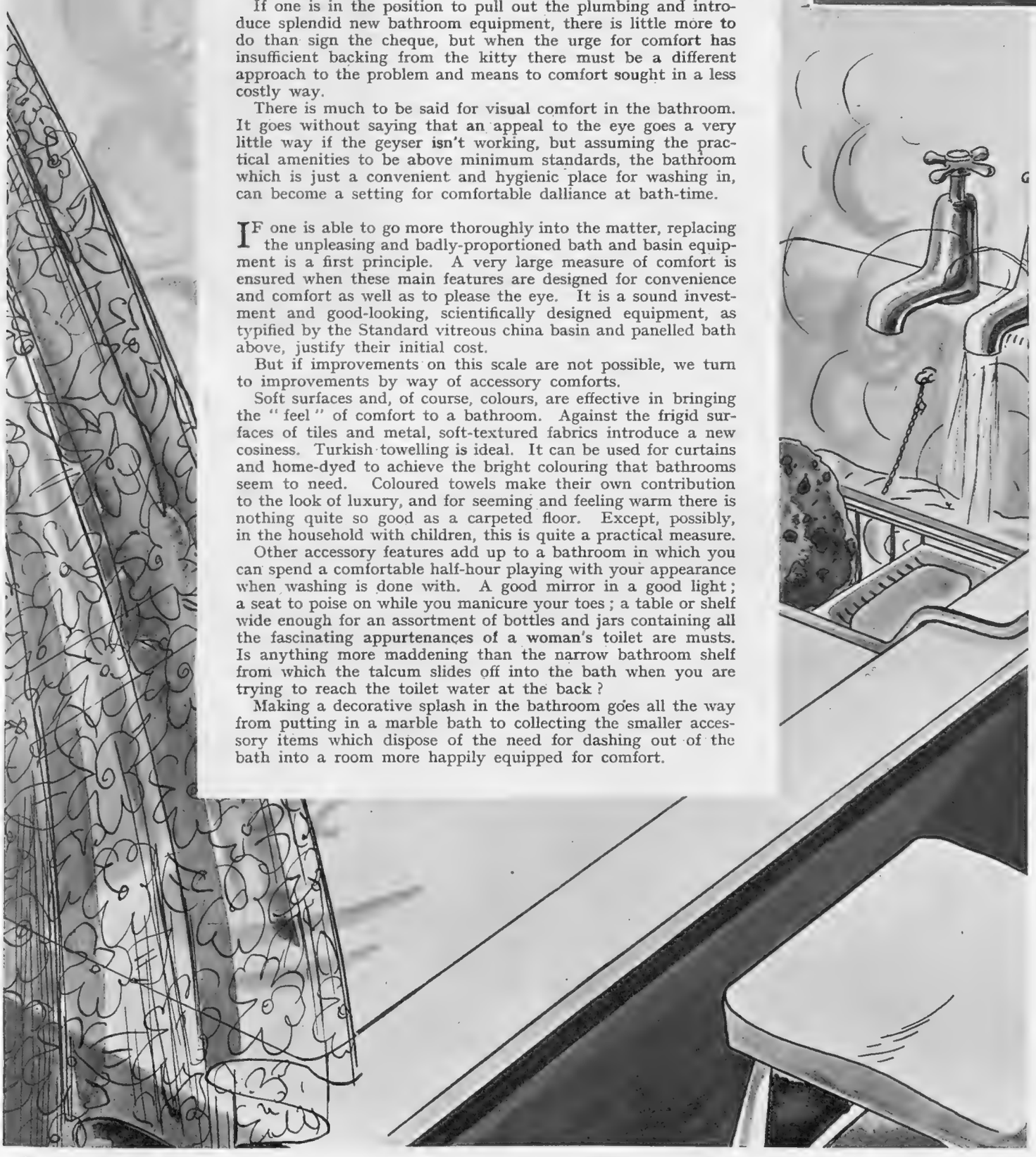
IF one is able to go more thoroughly into the matter, replacing the unpleasing and badly-proportioned bath and basin equipment is a first principle. A very large measure of comfort is ensured when these main features are designed for convenience and comfort as well as to please the eye. It is a sound investment and good-looking, scientifically designed equipment, as typified by the Standard vitreous china basin and panelled bath above, justify their initial cost.

But if improvements on this scale are not possible, we turn to improvements by way of accessory comforts.

Soft surfaces and, of course, colours, are effective in bringing the "feel" of comfort to a bathroom. Against the frigid surfaces of tiles and metal, soft-textured fabrics introduce a new cosiness. Turkish towelling is ideal. It can be used for curtains and home-dyed to achieve the bright colouring that bathrooms seem to need. Coloured towels make their own contribution to the look of luxury, and for seeming and feeling warm there is nothing quite so good as a carpeted floor. Except, possibly, in the household with children, this is quite a practical measure.

Other accessory features add up to a bathroom in which you can spend a comfortable half-hour playing with your appearance when washing is done with. A good mirror in a good light; a seat to poise on while you manicure your toes; a table or shelf wide enough for an assortment of bottles and jars containing all the fascinating appurtenances of a woman's toilet are musts. Is anything more maddening than the narrow bathroom shelf from which the talcum slides off into the bath when you are trying to reach the toilet water at the back?

Making a decorative splash in the bathroom goes all the way from putting in a marble bath to collecting the smaller accessory items which dispose of the need for dashing out of the bath into a room more happily equipped for comfort.



Spring Scheming

WHEN planning a new colour scheme, choice is often limited by existing colours which must be related to renovation plans. It is one thing to plan from scratch, but quite another to hit upon a pleasing combination of colours which will take in the carpet or upholstery hangovers from the former scheme.

In our proposals on the opposite page we have taken a number of main colours—those most likely to crop up in average rooms—assuming them to be permanent features, and giving harmonious colours for backgrounds and contrasts which would need to be used as individual circumstances dictate.

Proposals under four main colour headings are repeated, with varying combinations for furniture in the main timber categories. The aspect and proportions of the rooms in individual cases would naturally influence the "weight" of colour used in every instance. The more virile colour contrasts, for instance, should be used only in sharp accents in the case of small or low-ceilinged rooms, whereas generous proportions will permit the use of the same colours on a wider palette.

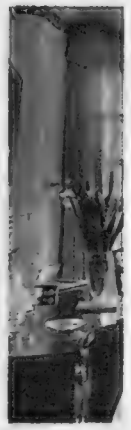
In the photographs we have shown rooms of varying character and size as a visual guide to the wise distribution of colour.

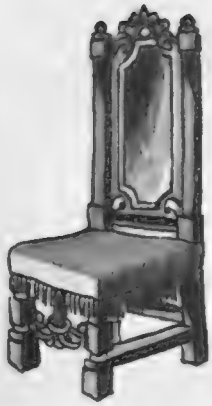
Below, a cottage sitting-room without much daylight and with dark oak furnishing has off-white walls, a reseda-green carpet, rose-pink curtains and cretonnes with pink and green flowers on a deep cream ground.

A low-ceilinged bedroom (right) has pale-yellow walls, grey carpet, soft blue candlewick bed-cover and dressing-table drape blooming with yellow and blue flowers on pastel grey.

A lofty dining-room, furnished with mahogany (centre), has eau-de-nil walls, a deep-green carpet and red-plum curtains.

Finally, the toned sycamore dining-room, furnished by Heal's, takes daffodil walls as a background, a cream carpet, and cream linen with a tan design, for curtains.





OAK : With green as an existing colour, choose pastel pink for the walls and dark rose for colour accents on cushions or lampshades.

Try pale-blue walls and accents of plum with dark-blue upholstery. This is a cool colour scheme suitable only for rooms with a sunny aspect.

With upholstery where clear red predominates, choose white walls with dark emerald for contrast.

Brown upholstery may tend to deaden the lustre of oak, so choose a light setting. Mushroom pink could make a good background colour with touches of warm yellow.

MAHOGANY : With green as the existing theme, pale cyclamen walls make a perfect foil for the richness of mahogany. Use fuchsia for contrast.

Lavender-grey walls with accents of wine red are a good setting for mahogany and blue furnishings. This, however, may prove too cool for a north room, where a pinky-beige tone would be preferable for the walls.

With dark-red furnishings, try out the effect of lime green for the background, with accents of reseda green.

Brown, not often happy with mahogany, is improved against a background of pale apricot and accents of terra-cotta.

WALNUT : Where the existing colour is green, use primrose for the walls and violet in soft accents.

Wedgwood blue with dark-blue upholstery flatters walnut. Bright yellow accents are unusual and gay.

Plush-red is the traditional colour with walnut. With it, use deep cream as a background with accents of sharp green.

Duck-egg walls, with contrasts of a deeper blue-green and a discreet touch of cerise, make an effective complement of brown furnishings. All the schemes suggested in this section lend themselves to sunny or dark rooms.

MODERN LIGHT WOODS : These call for more virile colourings than are possible with the traditional timbers. With green in the scheme, try parma violet for the walls, with deep violet for contrast.

With blue furnishings, take a clear yellow for the walls and purple in accents.

Clear pillar-box red is often used in the upholstery of light wood furniture. Set it against pale-grey walls and use peacock for relief.

With brown as the furnishing theme, choose off-white for the walls, with lacquer-red relief.

Footloose And

Lorna Lewis on

IN a Festival year somewhat overshadowed by austerity, expense and alarums, it is refreshing to find the shoe trade apparently determined that, come what may, our feet shall be festive; and this Spring shoe-shops will blossom with reasonably-priced gaiety for holiday and lighter wear. With good leather mounting in cost, sulphuric acid for curing skins in short supply, and other difficulties, you 'll be wise to save your more solid shoes and go all out (hoping the weather 's fine) on lightweights in which a variety of unexpected materials are cunningly involved.

These materials include cotton piqué, sea-island cotton, gingham, poplin, shantung, moygashel, gabardine, plaited leather and raffia. Their range of colours are enough to lighten your heart, not to say your feet. Reasonably treated, they should give fair return for your money and a pick-me-up for your wardrobe.

The right note is struck by two household names—Lilley and Skinner (Pompadour Room) and Horrocks's Cotton—who have got together and produced a limited range of dresses and shoes in the same materials: so maybe you 'll wear a neat check wine-and-black poplin shoe, or a yellow-and-black cotton piqué shoe, exactly to match your dress. These shoes and others, for example, in enticing pale blue or pale mauve gingham with "net" design, or in wheaten broderie-anglaise piqué lined with red cotton, will be sold at around £2. From designer Louis Israel come also some enchanting and colourful lizard-skin "patchwork" shoes in combinations of beige, orange, greens and reds, the "patches" thonged together: an elegant bargain at 79s.

A well-known manufacturer brings us

Fancy Free

Shopping for Shoes.

light lines in coloured duck, a sling-back shoe in self colours or combinations of white, black, blue, yellow, green and scarlet at about £1. More expensive (around £3) is "Carnival," an effective sandal in beige, white, poppy and grey. The Delta "Matinée" court shoe at around 56s. appears in gabardine with suede toes.

THERE 'S a very cheerful air about "Tiddley-wink" in our picture, made of neutral Linai (rayon and slub linen) with fascinating felt Tiddleywink border. With your cool summer evening frocks you could try a Linai shoe in a harmonising pastel.

This raises the question : how to clean pastel and light-shade shoes ? The firm of Properts are already making light cleaners suitable for general use. Very *careful* washing, using little moisture, is often successful.

Leather-plaited sandals, always an effective "buy," should be cheaper this year. Formerly imported, they are now being made in this country by Jugoslav refugees, who seem to have a monopoly of this type of work. Another international note : Sensationally gay are Italian raffia or Rabane shoes, made by Italian peasants, selling in the shops at around 25s. a pair. They are irresistible in scarlet or blue with white polka dots ; or in Harlequin plaits. The soles are of sturdy crèpe and cording.

Taking it by and large, shoe shops are doing Leisure shoes in a big way—and Leisure, in a good summer, means the sort of shoe you can wear to the office, at home, and for queueing, as well as for pleasure.

From a variety of lightweight shoes which will be available this summer we have chosen a grey gabardine court by Lotus, 69s. 6d. (top left) ; Horrocks's cotton courts (left) to match their dresses, cost about £2 from Lilley and Skinner Pompadour Room. In the centre picture there are three Italian raffia shoes in scarlet and white, brown and natural or multicolours selling at about 25s. The group at the top of the page shows a pebbleguard sandal in alternative materials, natural shantung or black piqué (42s., Pompadour Room) and in the foreground Joyce's sling-back court in Linai, scattered with multi-coloured "tiddleywinks" which give it its name (49s. 6d.). Just above is a velvet sandal by Lotus also available in other materials (23s. 4d.).

The Right Side of the Bed

A BEDDING expert declares that it is impossible to judge a bed merely by prodding at the mattress with your fist. You have to lie on it, turn over, relax—in fact, put it to a practical test as a sleep-inducer. The best type of bed for the individual is, of course, very much a matter of personal taste, but there are a few basic rules which apply to all types.

First as to size. There should be at least 7 ins. to spare at the foot of the bed. The standard size mattresses range from 6 ft. 2 ins. to 6 ft. 6 ins., according to type, which accommodates those of average height. Taller folk can only be accommodated by having a bed made to measure—a less costly procedure than it sounds and a good investment in comfort.

For width, the mattress should be at least 8 ins. wider than your girth. Standard widths vary from 2 ft. 6 ins. for the smaller standard width, to 5 ft. for the large double-width size. Married couples, both of whom are over the average weight, will probably be better accommodated on two single beds rather than a double bed. The same applies when one partner is very much heavier than the other.

NOW for the type of mattress. With interior-sprung mattresses, the spring interior is, of course, the thing that matters. You pay for the depth and quality of the spring. A large double-width mattress in the very best sprung range may cost as much as £58. A single-size mattress of a less luxurious type costs £14, and a utility one £10, so there is an enormous variety and price-range to choose from.

In the super-sprung mattresses, the springs are divided into groups and each is encased in a pocket or bag of heavy white cloth so that pressure on certain sections affects only that particular group of springs, and there is no unnecessary sagging elsewhere.

If you like a really firm mattress with comfortable springiness, but not too much "give," choose one with heavy-gauge springs and a hair pad. For the soft downy feel, you will want layers of down for a filling with curled hair as a covering to the deep springs.

Of course, the purchaser cannot judge this "internal evidence" for herself, but must rely on the salesman's knowledge. However, a fine quality of cretonne or damask covering is a sign of a good quality mattress.

The other popular modern-type mattress is the compressed rubber substance which has a wonderful spongy resilience. The particular construction of these latex foam mattresses keeps them cool and hygienic in use. Further practical advantages are that they do not create dust or fluff and they do not need turning or airing. Indeed, they should not be turned, as the reverse side is not made for lying on. Prices for a good latex foam mattress 2 ft. wide range from about 11 gns. to £17, according to the thickness of the mattress.

A GOOD mattress, however, must rest on a good foundation. If the underpart of the divan or bed (called the platform) is in poor condition, then the mattress itself will sag and will be subject to undue wear and strain. If you like a very soft bed, buy a platform which has sprung edges. This makes a firm mattress feel soft.

A comfortable bolster and pillow is the final essential for sound, restful sleep. A down-filled pillow is softer, and although more expensive, is well worth the outlay in comfort. One particular type of pillow is built in three self-contained sections to prevent shifting of the filling caused by changes in the head position during sleep. The flat underpillow to go with it is built in four sections on the same principle.

As the most prominent feature of the room, and for the most part the largest piece of furniture, the bed should be decorated in such a way as to be important without entirely overshadowing other features. This is especially important in smaller rooms where a double bed, brightly covered, tends to overweight the room. For this reason contrasts between the colouring of the bed and its background should be carefully regulated.

In the spacious bedroom seen above the bedspread and headboard covering of parma violet, edged with yellow braid, is set against a peacock-blue carpet. White flowered chintz, tailored "flat," covers the divan in the white-walled cottage bedroom on the right. Below, twin beds with chintz-covered head-boards and box flounces combine with plain covers matched with the carpet and picking up a dominant tone in the chintz. The single bed, right, unites a flounced cover with a quilted top and a flowered chintz-covered head-board.

Honeycomb and Rib

MATERIALS : 9 ozs. Bairns Wear baby wool, No. 12 needles, 8 small buttons, elastic thread.
MEASUREMENTS : Length, 17½ ins.
TENSION : 8 sts. to 1 in.

BACK SKIRT

Cast on 89 sts. Rib k. 1, p. 1 for 1½ ins.; during last row incr. to 148 sts. by increasing every st. for 8 sts., and afterwards every second st. up to the last 7 sts., then every st. Now work sts. as follows : k. 1, p. 7, k. 2, * p. 8, k. 2; repeat from *, ending with p. 7, k. 1. Work wrong side as sts. present themselves. (K.—knitted stitches; p.—purled stitches.) Inc. a p. st. each side of the 2 k. sts. every 1½ ins. 8 times to widen the purled panels. Work 1 in. after the last increases, then work 6 rows in garter st. Cast off loosely.

FRONT SKIRT

As back.

BACK BODICE

Pick up 90 sts. at top of skirt. K. 1, * p. 4, k. 2; repeat from *, ending with p. 4, k. 1. At 1½ ins. from waist, shape armholes; cast off each end of next 5 rows : 4, 3, 2, 1, 1 sts. At 2 ins. from waistline work fancy pattern for 10 rows as follows :

FANCY PATTERN FOR BODICE

1st row.—(Right side of work.) K. 1, * take next st. (purlwise) on spare needle to the front, p. 2, then k. the st. on spare needle, take 2 sts. (purlwise) on spare needle to the back, k. 1, p. the two sts. on spare needle, repeat from *.

2nd, 3rd and 4th rows.—Work as sts. present themselves (k.—knitted stitches and p.—purled stitches).

5th row.—K. 1, * take two sts. (purlwise) on spare needle to the back, k. 1, p. the two sts. on spare needle, take one st. (purlwise) on spare needle to the front, p. 2 sts., k. the one st. on spare needle, repeat from *.

6th, 7th and 8th rows.—As sts. present themselves.

9th and 10th rows.—Repeat 1st and 2nd rows.

Then work in stocking st. When armhole measures 4¼ ins., shape shoulder, casting-off 7 sts. each side of next 3 rows. Cast-off remaining 26 sts.

FRONT BODICE

Work as back until armholes measure 2¼ ins. Now shape for neck, casting-off 6 centre sts., and at neck edge of next 6 rows : 3, 2, 2, 1, 1, 1 sts. Finish shoulders at same height in same way as for front.

(*Continued on page 78*)

Spring Theme

MATERIALS : 6 ozs. Templeton's 3-ply " Ayrbeam " Super Scotch Fingering ; 1 oz. in contrast ; No. 10 and 13 needles.
MEASUREMENTS : Bust 36 ins.
TENSION : 7½ sts. to 1 in. over stocking stitch. Worked with No. 10 needles.
ABBREVIATIONS : m—main colour ; c—contrast.

FAIR ISLE PATTERN

This consists of 19 sts. and 16 rows.

1st row.—(Right side of work.) K. in c.

2nd row.—P. c. 2, m. 15, c. 2.

3rd row.—K. c. 1, m. 1, c. 1, m. 13, c. 1, m. 1, c. 1.

4th row.—P. c. 1, m. 11, c. 2, m. 4, c. 1.

5th row.—K. c. 1, m. 6, c. 1, m. 1, c. 2. (m. 1, c. 1) twice, m. 3, c. 1.

6th row.—P. c. 1, m. 2, c. 5, m. 2, c. 1, m. 7, c. 1.

7th row.—K. c. 1, m. 4, c. 2, m. 1, c. 1, m. 2, c. 2, m. 1, c. 2, m. 2, c. 1.

8th row.—P. c. 1, m. 3, c. 3, m. 2, c. 2, m. 1, c. 2, m. 4, c. 1.

9th row.—K. c. 1, m. 3, c. 2, m. 2, c. 1, m. 3, c. 1, m. 1, c. 1, m. 3, c. 1.

10th row.—P. c. 1, m. 7 (c. 1, m. 2) twice, c. 2, m. 2, c. 1.

11th row.—K. c. 1, m. 2, c. 1, m. 3, c. 3, m. 8, c. 1.

12th row.—P. c. 1, m. 8, c. 1, m. 1, c. 2, m. 5, c. 1.

13th row.—K. c. 1, m. 5, c. 5, m. 7, c. 1.

14th row.—P. c. 1, m. 9, c. 2, m. 6, c. 1.

15th row.—As 3rd row.

16th row.—As 2nd row.

THE BACK

Using No. 13 pins and m., cast-on 126 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1, rib for 3½ ins., inc. one st. at end of last row (127 sts.). Change to No. 10 pins and continue in all st.-st. thus :

1st to 16th rows.—* Pat. 19, m. 17, repeat from * twice, pat. 19.

17th row.—K. in c. on all sts., inc. at each end.

18th to 24th rows.—M. 19, * pat. 19, m. 17, repeat from * twice, m. 2.

25th row.—Inc. in m., m. 18, * pat. 19, m. 17, (*Contd. on page 78*)

Prevailing Points

WHAT Paris wears to-day, London will be wearing to-morrow, or the day after. At the Paris Summer Collections certain features emerged which the expert eye recognizes as commendable for interpretation in the fashion language of the ordinary Englishwoman. Here are some of them:

The prevailing hat is exemplified in Paulette's forward-tilting natural linen, right, with black trimming at the back, chignon fashion. For sheer ease, Rochas' straw bandeau held to the back of the head with elastic must appeal. Silk coats, voluminous and lavishly cuffed are typified in Lafourie's black taffeta, below, and the return of the coatfrock style in Rochas' edge-to-edge black nylon voile over an underslip of taffeta. A new era of capes opens. The one on the right, matching a stem-straight dress, is fringed, and Piguet's ingenious scarf, simulating a jacket in front and tucked through the belt of a matching dress, is practical for copying.

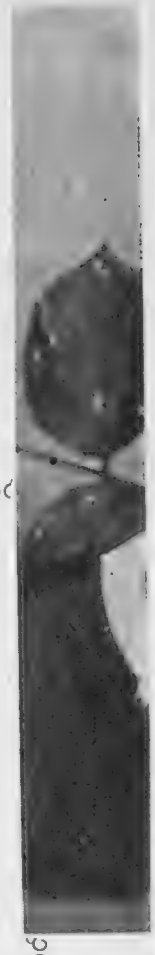
Trimming Up

MANY women who have been successful with their home perms would find it useful to know how to trim the ends preparatory to the perm.

The first thing to learn is the taper-cutting motion. Hair cut in this manner is gradually thinned towards the ends to give the lightness which allows a natural turn-up. To taper cut in the professional manner, hold the scissors with the thumb and third finger. Move the thumb only up and down with a short jerky motion, never letting the scissors close completely. The finger meantime is held quite steady as the thumb does all the work. Practice this motion until you get the feel of it before actually starting on the hair.

When cutting the hair, pick up a strand of hair with the thumb and finger, at the point where you want the strand cut. Then hold the hair straight and taut from the head. Start to taper cut half-way between the scalp and the fingers, gradually moving the scissors out towards the fingers. The scissors are not completely closed until they reach the tip of the hair held by the fingers. Measure the amount of hair in each strand by parting one inch square at the scalp.

Always be sure to comb through the hair after cutting a strand to see how it looks. It is a good idea to start cutting about an inch longer than required. It is always possible to trim off a little more, but length cannot be added after it is cut !



Diet And The Teeth

DENTAL surgeries would all be empty if healthy teeth depended solely on the routine of dental hygiene which everyone follows. That the day-to-day care of the teeth is not enough to prevent decay is all too painfully obvious, but is there anything else that can be done to safeguard this vital asset to health and beauty?

It is well known that the general state of health is closely linked with the condition of teeth and gums. Poor general health can cause septic conditions such as pyorrhœa; conversely, bad teeth, involving an infection of the gums can lead to all kinds of malaise. In this sense, maintaining the general health of the body at a high level will safeguard the condition of the gums, and indirectly the teeth, too.

Medical opinion is not entirely agreed as to how far diet affects the structure of the teeth in the fully-grown adult, although, of course, it is vitally important that the diet of the expectant mother or the young child should include teeth and bone-building foods. However, reliable authorities agree that diet is important in dental health so it is prudent to work on this assumption and watch the diet from this viewpoint.

THE main teeth-building substances are calcium and phosphorus present in the teeth in the form of calcium phosphate. Milk in all its forms—evaporated and condensed milk, cheese and butter as well as fresh milk—is the best provision against a deficiency, as milk contains both calcium and phosphorus. Other sources of calcium are fish, watercress and cabbage. Most forms of meat and fish provide phosphorus, soft herring roes, sardines and sweetbreads being particularly rich sources. Sea fish also provides the trace of fluorine which is necessary to the proper development of the teeth.

In a normal diet, all these substances would be found in sufficient amounts, but in the preponderantly vegetarian diet we are eating to-day, there is a danger of calcium shortage. As always, it is not a simple situation, the complication in this instance being a certain substance called phytic acid which precipitates calcium and renders it unavailable to the body. Phytic acid is found in large quantities in the bran of cereals, particularly in the bran breakfast foods, wholemeal breads, porridge made from whole oats and to a lesser extent in dried peas and beans. If any of these items appear regularly in the diet—as they must for their (*Continued on page* 58)

Health and Beauty by Chrysis

If you want help with your beauty problems, write to me at "Britannia & Eve," Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, W.C.1, enclosing a stamped, addressed envelope.

Simulate The Rose

FEW complexions are not improved by a little colour on the cheeks. There is the rare magnolia type which relies on the creamy, flawless texture of the skin for its beauty, but for most women, roses in the cheeks will flatter the colour of the eyes, the smoothness of the skin and the facial contours, and lend a subtle emphasis to the features.

Although it is a good guiding principle that rouge and lipstick should be of the same tint, it takes more than that to achieve a natural-seeming colour. The main point is that much more licence is permissible in the choice of lipstick than in the choice of rouge. Whereas it is possible, on occasion, to wear a brilliant, almost dashing lipstick to carry out some accessory colour note in the costume, rouge must always be chosen in relation to the skin tone or in relation to the foundation and face powder.

IN certain cases where the complexion is opaque and with little natural colour, it is possible to switch from extremes of orange-red to blue-red if the whole make-up—foundation and powder as well as lipstick and rouge—is modified accordingly. But in cases where the colouring is well defined and the make-up is a "skin-dressing" rather than a make-up, then the natural colouring will limit the choice of lipstick and rouge—and incidentally the wardrobe colours which suit the wearer. There should be no real conflict here as, for example, the auburn-haired will not wish to wear the magentas which would call for a blue-red make-up.

The hallmark of a natural colour is its translucency and it is this quality that is most desirable and most difficult to achieve in the simulated rose. Much depends on the choice of foundation. If the skin is fine, a colourless foundation and a light dusting of powder to give a peach bloom finish will best enhance its natural texture. In this case, a little cream rouge applied under the foundation will give just the necessary touch of colour without marring the transparency of the complexion.

IN the case of the coarse, rather sallow skin, a tinted foundation will lend it the warmth and glow it lacks. It is sometimes more becoming to use a pink-toned foundation all over with very little extra colour on the cheeks, than to use a more ivory-toned foundation and to depend on rouge for the "milk and roses" effect. This, of course, is very much a question of taste, but it is worth experimenting along these lines to find which method gives the more becoming, natural effect. Whether to choose cream, powder or liquid rouge is again a question of personal taste, so long as the cream and liquid rouges are applied under the foundation, the powder rouge applied over the foundation but beneath the powder, and the edges smoothed away invisibly in all cases.

It is probably easier to put colour where there is none, than to tone down a too florid complexion. There are, of course, green tinted powders but it is difficult for anyone except the expert to use the *vertes* successfully. It is far safer to tone down the colour with a rather heavy-weight foundation. Avoid light-toned foundations, through which the high colours tend to show purple, and choose a warm-toned one which will distribute the colour. This applies particularly to "red noses" whether caused by indigestion or poor circulation.

Veining is the commonest cause of "colour in the wrong places." This condition, though unbecoming, is quite harmless. This is extremely fortunate, for once it has appeared there is little that can be done to cure it and one can only protect the skin and mask the red veins under a heavy, protective make-up.

Margaret Stevens on taking or letting a furnished house without being "let in" for something

To Let Furnished

SINCE the unfurnished let is still just a beautiful dream for most people, the furnished flat or house often gives the solution to those in search of a home.

With the Festival in view and summer holidays, the furnished house comes into still more prominence for the time being, and lessees as well as lessors will be weighing the pros and cons of an arrangement which has its special advantages and its snags for both parties.

From the point of view of the tenant, it is wise to face the fact that risks are not easily covered in the legal sense, so that a thoughtful assessment of the possibilities before the final step is plain good sense. It pays to submit the contract to a solicitor for vetting. As a tenant of furnished premises one has no security of tenure other than that expressed in the terms of the contract. Agreements can legally be terminated by a month or a quarter's notice, as specified therein.

THE first payment will probably be some guineas over the exact rental charges, the extra being made up from such items as fees in connection with drawing-up of the contract, stamp duties, fifty per cent of the sum charged for taking an inventory of the premises, and telephone rental in advance.

A careful check of the inventory against the contents of the house is essential, and the tenant should receive a copy, by which the contents of the flat will be rechecked on the expiry of the tenancy.

When the use of plate and linen is included in the agreement a check-up on the extent of it in advance will ensure that the landlord's estimate of what is adequate is not below one's own minimum standards. The extent and efficiency of cleaning equipment—Hoover, brooms, brushes and so forth, may save inconvenience and expense when it is too late to raise the matter of its inadequacy with the landlord.

Still further frustration and expense may be avoided by assuring oneself in good time that water heaters and cooking appliances live up to their appearances; that windows really open and shut; that there are electric light bulbs in all the light fixtures in everyday use.

Are valuables in the way of silver, china, ornaments, to be left behind? If so, one may well consider having any which are irreplaceable or likely to be a source of anxiety stored during the tenancy. Alternatively, they can be put in a locked cupboard on the premises and a note to that effect added to the contract.

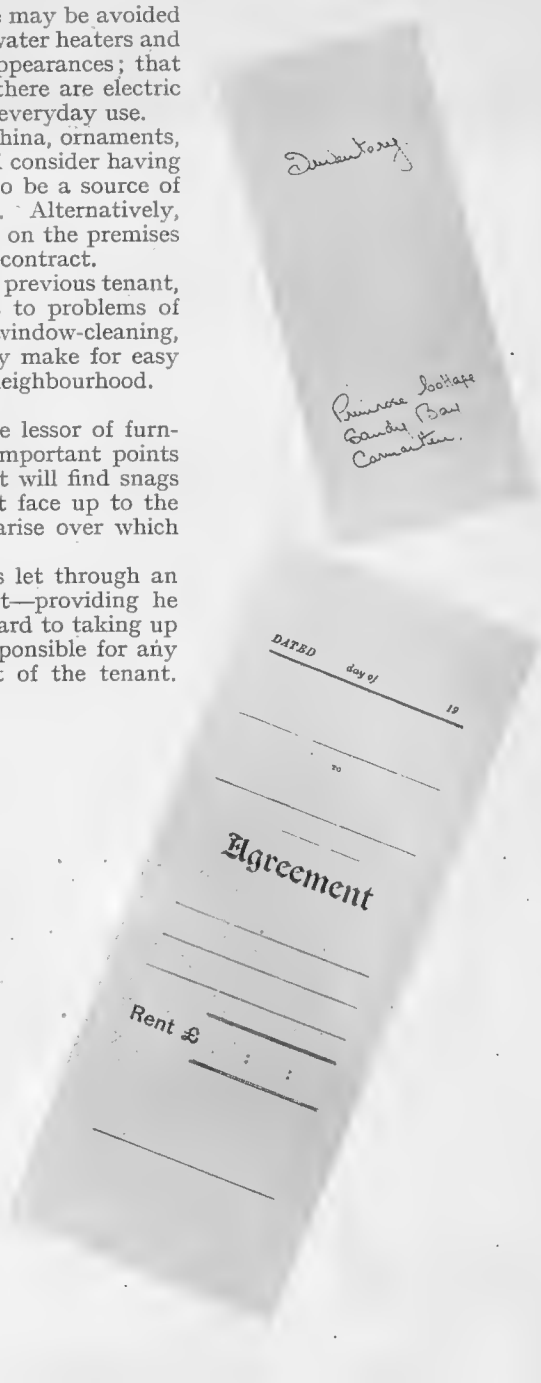
Where it proves possible to meet the previous tenant, one can more easily get the answers to problems of laundry service, shopping facilities, window-cleaning, etc. These are small details, but they make for easy initial running of a home in a new neighbourhood.

FROM the opposite view—that of the lessor of furnished premises, there are equally important points worth consideration. Just as a tenant will find snags in the situation, so the landlord must face up to the fact that certain contingencies may arise over which he has very little control.

For instance, if the house or flat is let through an agent, it should be remembered that—providing he follows the normal procedure with regard to taking up references and so forth—he is not responsible for any subsequent shortcomings on the part of the tenant. It is, therefore, advisable to cover against the possibility of an errant tenant.

It is quite usual, for instance, to ask for a deposit of £10-£15 to cover any possibility of gas and electricity charges not being duly met. Rent in advance must depend upon the individual circumstances and one's own estimate or knowledge of the tenant's integrity. A good general average is three months in advance. It is also quite in order to ask for telephone rental in advance, though calls are paid for in arrears, as it were. In some cases, a substantial deposit is asked for against the possibility of default. If the tenant is free with long-distance calls and decamps without meeting the bill, the landlord is responsible for the account.

Insurance against fire and burglary is, of course, vital. For further safeguards against any untoward happening during the period of a tenant's occupation, (*Continued on page* 66)



Pennywise

IN these days of soaring prices and shortages, it is more than ever true that the best quality is the cheapest in the long run. Good buying to-day, as always, depends on the ability to recognize good value in every purchase from fruit to a new suit. If you can trust your judgment, for instance, of fruit and vegetables, then you can venture into the street markets confident that the cheaper prices represent a real saving. If, on the other hand, your sales resistance is low, it is safer—and cheaper—in the long run to pay the extra pence at the shop with a regular clientele to study.

Buying from a reputable stores and looking for well-known brand names are the best safeguard against a bad bargain in all commodities. Many large stores also make a special point of training their sales staff to help customers to good buying.

Now for some selection pointers.

In buying blankets you may have to pay high for pure wool, but it represents warmth and lasting value. Pure wool blankets have a deep, soft pile and a dense nap. They must look fleecy and feel soft but light. A heavyweight blanket is not the warmest nor will it wash as well. There is an old trick for testing blankets: damp a finger and dab the surface. No damp will stay on the surface of a good quality but is immediately absorbed. Blankets must be big enough with spare to tuck in. Dragging them across the bed is damaging over the years.

With cotton sheets, look for an even weave with no coarse threads or lumps, which weaken the rest of the sheet. Heavyweight, close, firm weave gives longest wear for everyday use. Softness is again important, showing that there is no "loading" and "dressing." Dressing gives a fine glossy surface to the sheets when new, but once washed, there is nothing left for your money but a limp rag. To test if a sheet is dressed, rub two sections gently together over a dark surface. If there is much dressing, there will be a fine powder on the dark surface. Heavily dressed sheets are no bargain at any price.

The finish and care to detail give a good indication of quality in all purchases. So, with sheets, a carefully evenly turned hem will signify the better article.

Linen also should have a fine close weave; should be smooth to the touch with no fluff. If you are buying glass cloths, the linen article is worth the extra outlay in the long run. There is no lint in the weave to get quickly wet and soggy in use so, whilst wearing better, it represents a saving in laundering.

When shopping for kitchen utensils, aluminium pots, providing they are good ones, are most satisfactory. Experts advise choosing pans which have thicker bases than sides. The thinner sides cool more quickly so that the heat from the bottom can be distributed more evenly and the risk of burning out the pan and its contents is diminished. For cooking by electricity, the base should be at least a quarter of an inch thick, and there should be no crevices where the handle is riveted onto the side. Those with plastic heatproof handles should be reinforced with an inner metal core, otherwise the heat will break (*Continued on page* 62)

Given the choice of two qualities what do you use to decide between them, luck or judgment?

Milky Way

By Harriet Muir

MANY people are milk-shy and are thus debarred from one of the most complete and sustaining forms of nourishment. A distaste for milk can be overcome by a choice of recipes containing an ample quantity of milk without coming under the heading of milk puddings. Dishes with milk and eggs combine into many delicious sweet and savoury dishes. In the following recipes I include some for the milk-lover as well as some less obvious milk dishes for those who are allergic. Here is one which will make a very good meal.

CHEESE CREAM SOUP

Ingredients: 1½ pints milk; 2 leeks or 1 medium-sized onion; 2 large potatoes; 1 oz. margarine; seasoning; 1 bay leaf; 3 oz. cheese; 1 tablespoonful sago.

Cut up and cook potatoes and leeks and bay leaf in about 1¼ pints of water till tender. Remove bay leaf. Strain, retaining liquor. Rub leek and potato through coarse sieve. Beat in margarine and 2 oz. grated cheese. Boil milk with a pint of the liquor. Mix in purée. Season. Sprinkle in sago. Stir till sago is cooked and soup creamy; add more milk if wanted. Serve with remaining grated cheese and croutons of fried bread.

HADDOCK RISSOTTO

Ingredients: Left-over cooked, smoked haddock; 3 oz. rice; 1 small onion; ½ pint tomato purée; 1 pint fish stock; 1 oz. margarine; seasoning; 2 large tomatoes; 1 hard-boiled egg; 1 pint cheese sauce made with 2 tablespoonfuls flour, about ¾ pint milk, 3 oz. grated cheese and seasoning; snippets of fried bread cut in small triangles.

Bring half stock to the boil, add salt, throw in rice, simmer till tender, adding stock as needed. Slice onion and fry in margarine till light brown. Add tomato and onion and flaked haddock to rice. Simmer till rissotto is stiff. Cut whole tomatoes in half and bake or grill. Pile rissotto in centre of dish, surround with sauce or serve in sauceboat. Lay tomatoes in sauce with ring of hard-boiled egg on top of each. Stick fried bread triangles into rissotto and sprinkle a little chopped parsley on top.

SPRING TRIFLE

Ingredients: ¾ pint milk; ¼ pint evaporated milk; grated rind and juice of 1 lemon; ½ oz. gelatine; jam; white of 1 egg; dessertspoonful cornflour; thin slices of milk bread; 5 oz. sugar.

Heat milk with lemon and 2 oz. sugar added and cook gently for a few minutes. Blend cornflour with a little cold milk. Stir into milk for 2 or 3 minutes to thicken. Dissolve gelatine in a little hot water and mix into milk. Put in bowl to cool. When nearly setting add evaporated milk, whip till foamy. Pour into shallow round dish lined with thin rounds of bread, spread with apricot jam. Make petal-shaped meringues with whipped-up white of egg, 3 oz. sugar and pinch baking powder. Bake in cool oven. Decorate with narcissus flower, making centre with jam or crystallized fruit and mimosa balls and meringue petals; angelica stalk. This sweet can be made in individual glasses, with suitable meringue decoration.

GINGER SOUFFLÉ

Ingredients: 1 pint milk; 2 tablespoonfuls sugar; grated rind and juice of ½ lemon; 2 oz. sago; 1 egg; 2 oz. preserved ginger.

Heat milk; sprinkle in sago, add sugar, lemon and ginger, chopped small. Keep stirring to avoid lumps and simmer gently till tender. Remove from heat. Stir in yolk of egg, well beaten, whip white of egg stiffly, fold into mixture. Pour into greased soufflé dish. Sprinkle ½ teaspoonful ground cinnamon on top. Heat through in very low oven, Regulo 2 or 175° F. about 15 minutes.

Filled With Flavour

STUFFINGS and forcemeats are excellent aids to flavouring, and have the additional virtues, when meat is short, of making a little go far. Fruit, vegetables, eggs, fish and cheese, can all be introduced, and the following suggestions may give you some fresh ideas, particularly for making the forcemeat the mainstay of the dish.

FORCEMEAT STUFFING FOR FISH

Ingredients: 1 hard-boiled egg, chopped small; 2 sticks cooked diced celery; a teaspoonful anchovy essence; 3 oz. crumbs; jar lobster or shrimp paste seasoning.

Soak crumbs in a little milk; beat paste into crumbs. Mix in other ingredients. Season.

CURRY FORCEMEAT EXTENDERS

Ingredients: 4 oz. crumbs; ½ cup chopped nuts or dessertspoonful desiccated coconut; teaspoonful curry powder; dessertspoonful chopped parsley; ½ cup grated carrot; 1 cooking apple, peeled and cored, put through mincer together with ½ cup raisins; seasoning and egg or milk to bind.

LIVER FORCEMEAT FOR RABBIT

Ingredients: Cooked liver of rabbit, minced together with 2 rashers of bacon; 2 oz. suet; 4 oz. crumbs; seasoning; pinch mixed herbs; dessertspoonful chopped parsley; 2 or 3 cooked mushrooms or prunes; squeeze of lemon if available; a little milk for binding.

This is also good with chicken, using the liver of the bird.

MUSHROOM STUFFING
(for poultry or fish)

Ingredients: 4 oz. mushrooms with skin and coarse stalks removed; seasoning of salt, pepper and small pinch mace; 4 oz. crumbs; wineglassful of cider; 1 egg; 2 oz. margarine.

Cook mushrooms in margarine, drain, cool and then chop finely or mince. Season. Soak crumbs in cider, add mushrooms, a pinch of mixed herbs and mix with the egg well beaten.

A stuffing made with tomato, crumbs and cheese and seasoning makes a good filling for herrings or other baked fish. A few creamed sardines may be added after removing skin and backbone.

SAVOURY FLAN

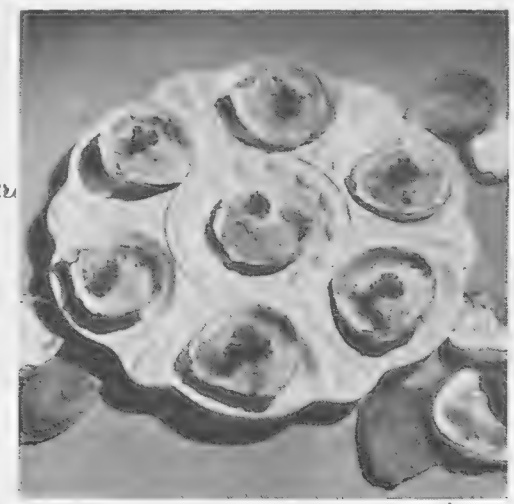
Ingredients for flan case: Squeeze of lemon or orange and a little grated rind; 6 oz. crumbs; 2 oz. suet; seasoning; 2 oz. melted margarine; teaspoonful mixed herbs; good dessertspoonful finely chopped parsley.

To make the crumb case, mix dry ingredients. Work in margarine and lemon juice. Press evenly and firmly into greased flan tin as if it were pastry, making a firm, smooth lining and border. Reserve a little of mixture to roll out with flour and make into diamonds or fancy shapes for decoration. Bake in moderate oven 350° F., or Regulo 5, about 20 minutes; at the same time bake shapes on a greased tin. Meanwhile prepare this filling:

Dice some left-over rabbit or meat; add a few cooked mushrooms; 2 fried rashers of bacon, chopped small; 1 small onion sliced and fried golden and a few cooked peas. Blend with a gill of thick white sauce made with stock. Remove crumb case from tin, fill with mixture; garnish with shapes. Surround with little pyramids of creamed carrots, bordered with peas and nests of potato.

LITTLE GRILLS ON FORCEMEAT

Make rounds of fried bread or potato cakes, about 4 inches across, and fry rounds of forcemeat a little smaller to lay on top. For each round grill a small sausage or half sausage, 1 or 2 mushrooms, half a tomato, a curl of bacon and make a small hamburger for each. Garnish with parsley.



Dish Of The Month

OYSTERS, although one of the luxury foods, can be treated in many ways which make a small quantity go quite a long way. For instance, if added to a sauce they make a delicious dish out of more commonplace white fish, or as a filling for vol au vent, a spread on toast, to fill scallops, to flavour a pilau, and so on. When used thus they can well be combined with such things as mushrooms, bacon, shallots, kidney, egg, anchovies, lemon, etc. A well known combination of oysters wrapped in bacon is the tasty savoury "Angels on Horseback." Oysters can equally well be poached, stewed or fried and again, as in the following recipe, can be stuffed and served in their shells. Crumble the yolks of 2 hard-boiled eggs and mix with 2 oz. of minced ham or bacon, 3 or 4 cooked mushrooms chopped finely, 2 tablespoonfuls fine breadcrumbs, a dessertspoonful chopped parsley and add a squeeze of lemon, season and blend with a little milk. Split open about 12 oysters. Remove oysters from shells, split and fill with the stuffing and return to their shells. Sprinkle with brown crumbs, dab with margarine. Bake in hot oven about 10 minutes. Garnish with parsley.

Question Time

WITH most children of average intelligence the "Why Era" sets in at about three years old. It can be an exhausting phase for parents and, in some ways, a test of ingenuity, not to speak of patience. But whereas "how does the fly crawl up the wall" may tax adult general knowledge, the inevitable questions on the facts of life pose a different sort of problem from which some parents shrink in perplexity if not embarrassment.

An inexhaustible faculty for inquiry and the ability to make use of the knowledge he has gained has raised man to an emotional and intellectual plane beyond the reach of lower animal life. The dawn of this faculty in a young child is to some extent the measure of his intelligence, so that it is vital for it to be nursed.

When an adult wishes to learn, he reads, when a child wants to learn he asks questions. It is the only way to understand the wonders which are unfolding all around him. Parents may weary of the hows, whys and wheres, but they can take a justifiable pride in the unfolding intellect which is revealed.

Most enlightened parents try to answer questions patiently and with truth, but when the inevitable queries about sex arise reluctance to face the issue is often based upon an imperfect assessment of the child's emotional and intellectual reactions to the subject.

To the small child, sex has no greater significance than any other topic. Whether he wishes to know why the clock ticks; how the dog wags his tail; or where babies come from, is all one and indivisible from his general curiosity about life. The one has no deeper significance than the other. Until adolescence he is entirely free of personal sex urge and belongs to the neuter gender.

When the first inquiry pops up "where did I come from?" or "what makes Mary a little girl and me a little boy?" the question has not the remotest bearing upon sex as such. For this reason, a technical account of the sex life of bees and butterflies is merely confusing. At the moment he is interested in babies and the difference between girls and boys. He requires an elementary, straightforward reply. Had he asked what makes an engine move, one would have satisfied him with a simple coal and railway line answer, not bewildered him with a lecture on physics and dynamics.

IT is important to remember that at this stage the child does not see beyond the point of the question which has presented itself to his mind. For the moment that is enough. As his intellect unfolds he will seek more precise knowledge, but the pace should be his own.

You would not expect him to memorize the dates of the kings of England in one lesson, yet many well-meaning parents attempt to instil a scientific account of human reproduction in a dreary "always ask mother, darling" discourse.

Simple inquiries like, "where did I come from?" call for the direct answer, "out of mother's stomach." The truth is generally satisfactory and seldom surprising to a child. Here is one more fact to be recorded along with why the sun is hot and why butter is made from milk. It is as simple as that.

Having started off on the right track, queries that arise over the years are much easier to deal with. "The baby comes out through a special opening made in the mother's body," is a logical development of the earlier question "where do babies come from?" Such frank and matter-of-fact statements are easily acceptable to children. Curiosity comes first, reasoning comes later.

THERE is as much danger in telling the child more than his brain can tackle as there is in resorting to the charming but pernicious cabbage patch and stork fantasies. When the real facts emerge, as they may ultimately do in an undesirable way, they may carry an emotional shock. In any case, the child's confidence in his parents is undermined. The barricade is hoisted, the subject labelled "taboo" and the confidant intimacy of a happy child-parent relationship is gone.

The child who is blessed with early memories of a sincere and confident understanding with his parents has a solid foundation on which to build his ideas of the physical relationship which brought him into the world and which make his parents love him and each other.

Every parent has to face the "awkward question," Dr. Rose May, M.D. writes on avoiding the awkward answer

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Bees And Bonnets (*Continued from page 12*)

animals, Miss Marley? People have died from . . ."

"I'm sorry, Mr. Talbot," she said. "But I'm afraid my bees aren't so well trained as they might be . . . not up to the sheepdog trials. They go where they like. And anyway, I'm here to fetch them back. They won't hurt you if you. . . ."

"Won't they, by God!" cried Basil, striking the air with his hands.

He perspired heavily, like many fat men; it is a peculiar fact that bees are sometimes quite unreasonably enraged by the scent of animal perspiration. Perhaps they are fastidious. Basil's slapping of the air alerted a number of the scouts; they dived at him. As he dodged they changed course, relentlessly. There was nothing for him but flight.

He turned to run, kicked into a kerb, and with a great squelch sat down in the lily pond. It was unkind of Graham to laugh. Basil sat there spattered with mud, like a hippopotamus in the Zambesi. The scouts zoomed down upon him and struck . . . five of them. He yelped, scrambled out, and lumbered as fast as he could run for the house.

"Oh dear," said Miss Marley. "You'd better go, as well. They're annoyed."

"Perhaps I had," agreed Graham and went to a safe distance under the shade of a yew hedge, where he remained to watch the girl brush the bees in a straw skep, and then leave skep and bees in a shaded spot to be ultimately collected and rehived at sundown.

When Graham returned to the house he found Basil in a dressing gown. His face was as vivid as a mandrill's from the application of Mrs. Fitchett's blue-bag, and was already swelling. He was shouting into the telephone and at the other end of the line, Graham gathered, were his solicitors.

"I don't think you're being quite reasonable about this," said Graham, a little later.

"I have no desire to be reasonable," said Basil, "I'm vindictive. The thing's gone beyond reason. . . . And if you and I no longer have that understanding essential between collaborators then it is plainly time to. . . ."

"To have tea," said Graham. "And afterwards, I'll go into the enemy's camp to spy for you disguised (like King Alfred on a similar occasion) as a wandering minstrel. After all . . . I *am* a wandering minstrel."

"The enemy's camp? What do you mean?"

"I have promised Miss Marley that I will let her know how you are."

"She doesn't deserve any courtesy at all," said Basil. "If you intend to. . . ."

"Never fear," said Graham. "I shall frighten her to death by telling her your condition is critical. And afterwards we can have a council of war and arrange to tear Miss Marley limb from limb . . . although it will be a great pity. Come and have some tea."

ABOUT an hour later Graham Milligan approached Beaconsfoot Cottage, humming to himself, which was a way of composing he had. In the little car park he found a little black car and behind the little black car a little black-hatted man with a little black moustache and enormous rims to his glasses, talking to Miss Margaret Marley. She still wore her blue jeans, but it was the first time Graham had had a clear view of her face. He started humming a different sort of tune at once.

"I shall make my report," the little man was saying. "I have no doubt what the Highways Committee will say. And as for *Mr. Tewson*. . . ."

"But it's quite ridiculous to call the thing a hoarding," said Margaret Marley. "I feel sure that not even the Rural District Council can prevent a person digging up her own land. If I care to make my flower beds a peculiar shape that's entirely my own affair."

"Oh no, really," protested the little man. "You can't call it flower beds. I can imagine what *Mr. Tewson* would say if you said that. When he comes here on Wednesday you'll only make matters worse if you say that. He's very hot about vandalism."

"Just a minute," said Graham, "vandalism, did you say?"

"Oh, this is Mr. Orpington from the council," said Margaret. "They work fast, don't they? Someone's complained about my bees; I can't think who. Mr. Orpington's a sort of advance guard. On Wednesday *Mr. Tewson* is coming down to see it . . . just think, *Mr. Tewson*!"

"Well," said Mr. Orpington, reddening a little, "he's a J.P. and chairman of the council, and a county councillor too, and . . ."

"Oh, I'm so sorry," said Margaret. "Mr. Orpington, this is Mr. Milligan, the . . ."

"The well known K.C.," said Graham. "Miss Marley's legal adviser. Vandalism is a hard word, Mr. Orpington. Very nearly actionable, in fact. Besides being, in this case, grossly misapplied. Do you know what that is, up there?" he said, pointing to the scar on the hill. "It is the culminating production of an art of immemorial antiquity . . . a traditional English art as old as these hills themselves, an art of breadth, freedom, spaciousness. A masterly work in a vivid medium. Can't you see how those exquisite lines of the thorax express so completely the whole *psyche* of the insect? . . . Is Mr. Tewson the sort of man who would rip up a Rembrandt, or dynamite St. Paul's?"

"All I said was," protested Mr. Orpington, "that. . . ."

"Never mind," said Graham, "whatever you're going to say you said, don't say it. Or we'll sue you for something, sure as fate."

Shortly afterwards Mr. Orpington left, rather put out.

"I didn't know you were on my side, Mr. Milligan," said Margaret. "How's poor Mr. Talbot?"

"Swelling. It doesn't seem possible a man like that *could* swell . . . but he is. Temper's no better, I'm afraid."

"Oh dear. I suppose I'll just have to turf the thing over, in the end."

"Over my dead body," he told her. "I *like* it. Besides the principle of the artist's independence is at stake."

"But if Mr. Talbot thinks you're helping me. . . ."

"We'll have to convert him, too, somehow. It needs finesse, subtlety. We must plan. I have a vulgarly ostentatious sports car. Barbaric red, and hideously noisy. If you wouldn't mind being seen in such a thing why not come over to Blatchingham with me to-night and have dinner, after you've hived the swarm? The Three Crowns is really quite good. We'll have a council of war.

"Well, Mr. Milligan," she said, "I so seldom have a chance of dining with celebrities . . . how can I refuse?"

"Lovely," he said. "My name's Graham, by the way."

"I know yours is a chummy profession," she said.

"You do, do you? . . . At the moment my profession is that of an arch-criminal and I'm pitting myself against the forces of law and order as represented by *the* Mr. Tewson, J.P. We'll cook him something!"

And they did.

WHEN the following Wednesday came, Basil Talbot found himself unable to attend Mr. Tewson at his inspection. He was not particularly perturbed about this because he had spoken to Mr. Tewson on the telephone and he thought he knew quite well what the outcome of the visit would be. It was vanity which prevented Talbot's appearing; the five bee-stings on his face had resulted in such peculiar lop-sided swelling of his already rather flaccid countenance that even Mrs. Fitchett had to keep her eyes on the floor when she waited on him for fear she should burst out laughing.

But from his bedroom window, which commanded the road, Basil watched Tewson arrive. An impressive sight. Proceeded by a car containing the council's surveyor and another carrying (*Continued on page 56*)

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the Town Planning Officer (and his wife and son, who liked a day in the country), and a third occupied by two county councillors who had nothing much to do that day; and followed by a car containing representatives of the Agricultural Committee, one at the disposal of the Central Land Board, and finally a tri-car bearing a lady sanitary inspector who had heard vague rumours of a public nuisance. . . . Mr. Tewson bore down on Goddenham Apiaries from the east. Basil Talbot watched the procession approvingly; but he was rather astonished to notice, approaching from the opposite direction, an equally large convoy.

THREE and a half hours later Basil saw Graham strolling back and went down to meet him on the terrace.

"You've been a long time," said Talbot. "Surely it didn't take Tewson all this time to decide to have the beastly thing obliterated."

"Oh no," said Graham. "He decided that in the first ten minutes. He took all this time changing his mind."

"He . . . *what?*"

"Keep calm," said Graham. "Take hold of yourself. The fact is . . . well, I think you underestimated the opposition. Bluntly, they've won the day. You've lost. It stays."

"What! . . . You mean to say . . . My God, why wasn't I there? Why, only this morning on the telephone Tewson told me. . . ."

"Listen. If you don't interrupt, I'll tell you what happened."

"Oh, very well. If you think I can bear it."

"Well you see, Tewson came down, of course; but so did lots of other people. Tewson looked at the thing immediately. 'It'll have to go of course,' he said. And then Miss Marley said gently, 'Can I put my case?' So we went to her office and she put it."

"Case! How could she have a case?"

"She had more—she had witnesses. Expert witnesses, and you know how terrified laymen are about experts. Professor Aloysius Crutchwell, no less . . . surely you've heard of him . . . he's the forefront of British archaeology. And another man of the same kidney, Brathespeare, I think his name was. And a lot of people who called themselves the Goddenham Antiquarian Society. And every old-aged pensioner in the village, I should think.

"But what on earth had they to do with it?"

"Well, you see, Margaret began by. . . ."

"Who?"

"Miss Marley dropped a bombshell at once. It wasn't her doing, she said, this chalk bee. *It was there all the time.* It had been neglected and grown over and she had merely cleaned it up. She'd found it a year or two ago, thought how apt it would be to put her beehives there, and later on bought the land . . . just for the sake of aptness. And cleaned up the bee."

"But that's absurd! There never was anything there . . . only a scar or two of chalk where the turf was thin."

"Oh, but you know how they do these things nowadays . . . how they find stone circles under wheat by the way crops grow, and that sort of thing. Crutchwell said a lot about that; he was most impressive. And Brathespeare said he'd followed the outline of the figure by depressions in the turf years ago . . . he thought Miss Marley had restored it very well, except perhaps the forelegs were ten feet too short. He talked about all the other chalk figures, the very early ones. The bee was unique, he said, a national monument. Then the old-age pensioners came in and said yes, I mind the time, when I were a lad, when there had been a chalk figure up there; thought some of them said it was a horse. And the archaeological society, or part of it, brought sketches. And they produced an Ordnance Survey Map of fifty years ago and sure enough it shows a lot of odd lines and dots on Hoe Hill, which you could fancy meant something though I imagine they were probably just old banks. And they pointed out that the hanger on the east side of Hoe Hill is called Wasp Wood to this very day. What could be clearer than that?"

"It's fantastic," said Basil. "It's a tissue

of lies from start to finish. How a slip of a girl like that has managed to bamboozle all these people . . . it beats me completely. How on earth does the girl get away with it?"

"She's very popular in the village," said Graham, "and in other places, too. A nice girl, oh definitely; people like her. And, whether you like her or not, she's beaten you."

"Oh no, she hasn't," said Basil.

"Beaten you," repeated Graham. "With people like Crutchwell on her side the thing'll always be a matter of controversy. While it's that, nobody'll do anything, not even Tewson. It'll be fiercely argued, there'll be letters in all the best papers from time to time. But it'll stay."

"The whole thing," said Basil, "is a plot. Nothing more. If that unprincipled young lady were here now. . . ."

"She very nearly is," said Graham. "She said she'd come over to offer you an olive branch and I think those are probably her footsteps I can hear on the drive."

Miss Marley came up to the two men on the terrace. On this occasion there was no doubt to which planet she belonged; the gaily flowered summer dress became her and the season, if not the occasion. Talbot gave a hostile and surly good afternoon and Graham smiled upon her; but for a long time she said nothing, although her lips trembled as if she were trying to speak. Despite himself, Talbot was a little touched by this shyness in her hour of triumph; it did not occur to him that she was struggling to prevent herself howling with laughter at the sight of his bumpy, tinted jowl.

At last she said: "I suppose you've heard what happened to-day?"

"I have," said Talbot. "It seems to me to be a case of epidemic softening of the head. How reputable men of science can perjure themselves like this . . . it's astonishing. The thing was just an ingenious conspiracy . . . now wasn't it? Tell the truth, Miss Marley, just this once."

"There was certainly *something* there before we started digging," said Margaret. "The remains of something. Perhaps it wasn't *quite* so bee-like as it is now. Frankly I thought at first it was just where people had been digging turf . . . but who am I to go against the experts?"

"Thank you. That was frank . . . and for you, dangerously frank. Because you mustn't think I'm beaten Miss Marley. My solicitors tell me, to my astonishment, that although hordes of ferocious insects are turned upon me, and though they do me grievous bodily harm, I have no redress at law. It astonishes me, but there it is. But as for Professor Crutchwell. . . ."

He stopped speaking suddenly and paused.

"Crutchwell!" he said. "Crutchwell! . . . Graham, didn't we lunch with him somewhere? About a year ago, at the Alcazar? Wasn't he a friend of yours?"

"Oh, I sort of know him," admitted Graham, "in a how-do way. One knows so many people."

"And let me think," went on Basil, "what was the name of that museum fellow who married your young sister? Brathewaite was it? It wasn't by any chance the man who was there this afternoon?"

"By the oddest coincidence," said Graham, "yes. It was."

"Ah! So that's it!"

"But wait a minute, Basil! You don't know. . . ."

"Oh yes I do!" roared Talbot. "Fifth column, that's what it is. Absolute downright treachery! *You* did this, Milligan!"

"I merely asked them for their expert advice, that's all. I wanted to find out what the truth was. Miss Marley. . . ."

"Miss Marley twisted you round her little finger, and you twisted me. Very well, Graham, it's the finish. When I can't trust friends, they aren't friends. Any idea of our ever collaborating again is out of the question. *Quite* out of. . . ."

"Mr. Talbot!" cried Margaret. "Please! . . . I'll have the thing turfed over to-morrow, I promise!"

"It's too late," (*Continued on page* 58)

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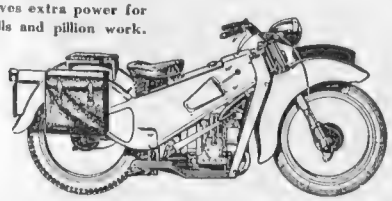

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said Talbot. "When a man ceases to be loyal to his friends. . . ."

"Sentimental old fool!" yelled Graham. "You vast mass of soft soap, why don't you consider my position for a moment? Can't you see what a horrible dilemma I was in . . . how desperately I tried to be impartial. . . ."

"Except that you are being extremely rude," said Basil, "I haven't the faintest idea what you're talking about."

"No," said Graham, "you haven't. You're too busy feeling sorry for yourself. Just consider for the moment *my* position. It was damned awkward. On the one hand my loyalty to my best friend, on the other hand my loyalty to my fiancée. . . ."

"Eh?" cried Talbot. "Who?"

"Don't pretend you didn't know. Margaret and I have been engaged for a long time. That's why I thought it was pretty savage of you to attack her as you did, knowing that. . . ."

"You never told me this! I didn't know you ever *knew* each other."

"Whether I told you or not, you'll appreciate it makes a difference."

"Without prejudice," said Talbot, "it would be churlish not to congratulate you. Here, have a drink."

He procured glasses and liquor, but they drank in silence. Then Basil said:

"Miss Marley, it isn't a hoarding, is it? It isn't just a trademark stuck up there, is it?"

"Oh, no," she said.

"It's a relic of a bygone age, isn't it? As old as Stonehenge? Bronze Age, do you think?"

"Earlier," she said. "Certainly earlier. Palaeolithic."

He rose. "I will see," he said, "if I can possibly force myself to regard it in that light."

He went into the house.

Bees And Bonnets

Margaret eyed Graham coldly.

"What a tangled web we weave!" she said. "Bigger and better lies every ten minutes. . . . Since when have we been engaged?"

"It was in the cause of art again," explained Graham. "A very white lie. It saved the partnership."

"Mrs. Fitchett will know, and then the village will know in no time. And as soon as I deny it Mr. Talbot will. . . ."

"Oh, you mustn't deny it," said Graham. "Not at once. That would ruin everything. Not for a month or two, at least. And who knows? . . . After a couple of months you might even like the idea."

"I never heard a more selfish . . ."

"And don't you think," he said, "just in case Basil happens to be looking out of his bedroom window, we might make the thing rather more convincing if I were to kiss you, in a decorous sort of way?"

She thought this over for a second and then said:

"Solely in the interest of art, then."

"Oh, certainly," said Graham, putting his arms around her. "It's the only art worth worrying about."

AND that's how it all happened. Knowledgeable people in the profession say that in Talbot and Milligan's new show some of Milligan's romantic numbers are likely to be the finest things in popular music for generations. I asked Graham about this only yesterday just after news of the wedding got around and he seemed to deny there was anything especial about them.

"It's all my eye and Margaret Marley," was what he actually said.

END

Diet And The Teeth (*Continued from page* 46)

other valuable food properties—some form of extra calcium, combined with Vitamin D to make it available to the system, should also be included to make good the wastage and safeguard dental health.

There is a link between poor teeth and a Vitamin D deficiency. In a good summer, the body can make its own Vitamin D by soaking up the sunshine, but during the sunless months, it is necessary to resort to halibut or cod-liver oil.

No diet, of course, will ever replace a piece of enamel which has been lost through chipping or decay. In this sense, the practical routine care of the teeth is important, but a correctly balanced diet contributes towards maintaining sound dental health.

END

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Books (*Continued from page* 32)

is an exceptionally good novel, not only of character but of psychological and spiritual depth, for intelligent readers.

•

AUTHORS—Arnold Bennett excepted—rarely disclose their account books as William Saroyan does in a preface to **"The Assyrian and Other Stories"** (Faber, 10s. 6d.). Two, he says, earned $5,000 and $3,000—big money; one he let go for $300 because "the rent was due"; three he gave to the *Armenian Review* for nothing as "they looked hopeless anyway." He also tells how and why he began writing and how he thinks the professional writer should work and live: a revealing document. The eleven stories display the clean, taut writing we expect, stimulating dialogue, forthright philosophy, and unconventional themes rather than "plots." The title-tale, the longest, concerns a Yank author in Lisbon. Things happen to him, inconsequentially, then he flies off east, and why not? We have met an unusual personality. "He's yours—take him or leave him," Mr. Saroyan seems to be saying. He just can't be bothered to fit him into the usual fiction framework. His best deal with family—especially father-son relationships.

IN a romance of the fifth-sixth centuries—**"Conscience of the King"** (Faber, 12s. 6d.) Alfred Duggan accepts the theory that Cerdic Elesing, founder of Wessex, was really a Roman of Britain bearing the Celtic name Coroticus, and lets him tell his story of the coming of the Saxons, the fighting between Hengist and the Romans, the whole shifting drama of that time of transition. As in *Knight with Armour*, his story of the First Crusade, Mr. Duggan writes as scholar-romancer, with ability to make a dim period live as if it were but the day before yesterday.

WHEN freelance writer Robert Boot is asked to prepare a radio script about a fire he goes to his friends, Simon and Anna, who recently lost their child in a fire, to give his story actuality. Re-living the tragedy, he thinks, may help to release them from the bitterness and hatred it has fostered between them; but it only leads to further tragedy for Simon, who is driven to drink heavily by a consciousness of his own worthlessness and his wife's apparent infidelity. That is the unusual theme, distinctively treated, in Allan Prior's outstanding first novel: **"A Flame in the Air"** (Michael Joseph, 9s. 6d.).

A WOMAN, herself the child of a happy marriage, who knew love and romance in pre-1914 London, Paris and Vienna, will find it hard to adjust herself to the fading of that love in a changing world. Camilla, in Olive Wadsley's **"And One Was Mine"** (Cassell, 9s. 6d), reflects: "It is very hard to lose someone you love when you are young, it is doubly hard when you are old. For you have no chance of replacement then, nor any hope of it. All you can do is adjust, and whoever really adjusted himself to loneliness which hurts . . . ?" Seeing a grandson caught up in war, and with a woman unworthy of him, intensifies the poignancy of this touching family story of three generations.

END

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Mission With A Ring

(*Continued from page* 19)

time he had ever tackled Kerwin. He could still picture Kerwin's smile—and it was a charming smile, too.

"You can't look at things that way, old man. The old morality and all that sort of thing. Look! When the time comes, I'll give her a good home, and I'll give her the best times she's ever known. I'll sweep her off her feet and whirl her round until she's dizzy with happiness! What else matters? Listen, old man, you don't blame a bee because he wanders from flower to flower getting drunk on honey. Well! There you are! Taiyü, the little Chinese girl, understands. So does Sukia, the Malay. And there's that Indian girl. . . . They haven't over-civilized themselves. They know love for what it is, a wild ecstasy born of the moon! And when the moon dies—it's a little sad, maybe; but there'll be another moon. Don't look at me like that, old man! I'm not going to abandon my wife! . . . What, you hope she never does become my wife? I say, old man, you *are* being sticky. You don't understand the real zest of living . . . the escape from the regimentation of so-called civilized life . . . man's a creature of nature. . . ."

Alison Shelton's calm voice cut through the memory. "You've listened to me, and you've given advice—as you see it. But you won't help me; apart, of course, from Captain Weeks. . . ."

"And I'm sorry I promised," said the captain slowly. "I'll keep my word, though."

She smiled at him. Then her seriousness was back. "I'll go alone. Can anybody recommend a reliable Malayan guide? One who knows that part of the country—and isn't too scared of jungle."

Giles Ludford looked morosely at the diamond which glistened coldly from Alison Shelton's finger. But for that. . . . His mind became, suddenly, analytical. The girl would go; she wasn't being dramatic or using words idly. Her reasons she was keeping to herself; but something had started, and had to be finished, played out to the last card.

She was asking for help, and it was being denied. By Dodd because his nerve had gone. By Pike because financial interest lay elsewhere. Ludford thought: And by me because I want Kerwin to remain missing, until every hopeful chance has been exhausted. I want it because I know too much of Kerwin, and because. . . .

He shied from even thought-expression of the rest. He cleared his throat. His new decision was a bewildering reversal; but there was no escaping it. It took command of his words while the rest of him still faltered.

"Miss Shelton . . . as you insist on taking the risks . . . I'll come with you. I can fix an extension of leave. . . ."

IT was six days since Captain Weeks had landed them at the river mouth. They came ashore in the lazy heat of the day from a sea which seemed to have died from exhaustion.

Ludford remembered the fishing village, its flimsy huts set upon stilts. His memory had photographed it clearly; but it was difficult to believe that it had been seen so recently. The jungle had taken away all sense of time.

Because of this, Ludford was particularly careful to keep a rough log. It was difficult to compute the actual distance covered; but he knew progress was good. And he congratulated himself on the wisdom of his selection of Drau as the guide. Uncannily, Drau found tracks and narrow paths; he seemed able to sense obstacles which lay ahead.

"He's using the word *bukit*," Alison said. "Does that mean we're in hill country?"

"Nothing very alarming." Ludford smiled. "As a geologist I can tell you that it's mostly quartzite and shale forming a range of low hills."

A rare twinkle came into her eyes. "Not being a geologist, it all looks like jungle to me."

"But not the worst you've known? I'm thinking of Borneo."

She hesitated. "That was worse physically. There wasn't the mental strain, though. Not the searching and the feeling of time drawing a merciless limit. . . ." For a moment she withdrew into her thoughts. Then she flung a question at him. "What's your honest opinion of the news we learnt at the last *kampong*? That old chief looked intelligent to me. I'd like to have done a sketch of him."

Ludford said thoughtfully: "Yes, the *Dato* Kassim. As for his information—well, there wasn't much. An aircraft flying very low, going south. And a thunderstorm raging. Wouldn't help us much, even if we could consult the Met people. This is no end of a country for thunderstorms."

"Anyway," she said, "I don't see that a thunderstorm should worry Kit. He always laughed at them—according to Bosworth. . . ."

Giles Ludford stared at her. The sharp intake of his breath drew her full attention.

He said, quietly: "Bosworth. Do you mean Ray Bosworth?"

Alison nodded. "He was Kit's partner once, wasn't he?"

Ludford's reply came reluctantly. "For a time. They weren't able to hit it off." He looked at his watch. "Time we were moving. . . ."

Her hand on his arm checked him. "Drink was the trouble, wasn't it?" As he didn't answer, she went on: "It was immediately after the Borneo trip. I'd come by coastal steamer from Mahakam River to Bandjermasin. From there I crossed to Batavia, or rather Tandjoeng Priok. Do you know Batavia?"

Ludford was still uneasy. He spoke almost brusquely. "Only a flying visit." Then, as if to make amends for his manner, he added: "Literally a flying visit. In a Catalina. It was just after the Japanese collapse, and the place was a frightful mess. Everything dirty and untidy, the big hotels in the Koningsplein crowded with women and children brought out of the concentration camps. . . ."

"It was in one of those big hotels that I met Bosworth. An accidental and clumsy encounter. He lurched into me, and then tried to cling like a limpet for the rest of the evening." She gave a rueful smile. "I thought I had everything under control; but there was an awkward moment when he found his way to my room. Fortunately, he was too drunk. . . ." She shrugged her shoulders.

Ludford's fists clenched. "I wish I'd been there," he said. His voice betrayed him. She looked at him, startled. Then, head averted, she jumped up.

"Didn't you say something about it being time for moving on?" There was an efficiency in her voice which Ludford hadn't heard before. Inwardly, he was thankful for its stabilizing effect. Part of his mind was confusion.

There was escape in plunging into the business of stirring the Malays, who were always eager to prolong a rest period. But as Ludford approached them, he frowned. There were five of them there, bodies stretched indolently; but of Drau there was no sign.

He asked sharply: "Drau—mana. . . ?"

It seemed that none of them knew, and alarm was slow to grow among them. But as soon as it did, they were chattering like monkeys, all talking at once, each with a different solution.

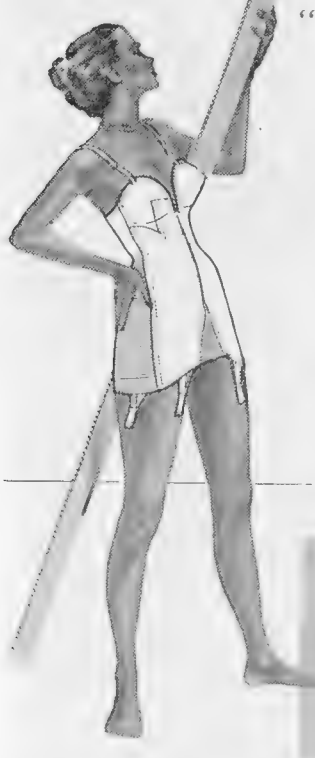
Had Drau deserted? Ludford did his best to mask uneasiness. "It means starting a search," he said to Alison. "If we don't find him, we'll go back to the last *kampong*. The *Dato* Kassim should be able to provide us with a reliable guide."

Among the Malays, it seemed that Ngah was the most experienced tracker. He was older than the others, rather slow in his movements. He assumed his new responsibilities with obvious pride, and put a little too much acting into a preliminary searching of the small camp.

Ludford had called a halt on the fringe of a small clearing. A few trees had fallen, probably struck by

(*Continued on page* 62)

Pencil slim and well balanced



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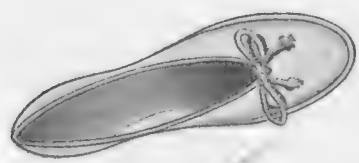

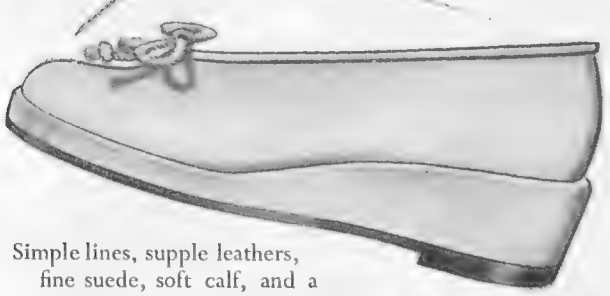

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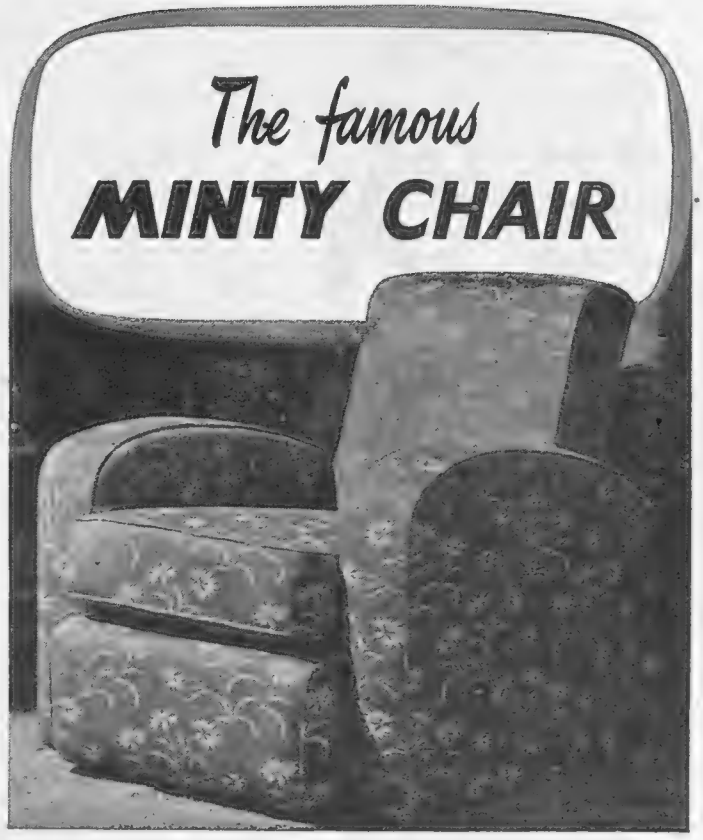

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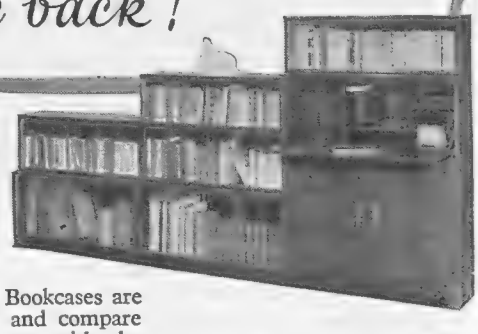

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lightning, and had dragged down a tangle of parasite growth.

And while Ngah was still casting here and there, like a dog trying to pick up a scent, Drau appeared on the far side of this clearing. It was Alison who saw him first.

"Here he is!" she cried.

The four Malays considered it a great joke, and were laughing and jeering at the disconcerted Ngah. Ludford felt at ease, and fumbled for his pipe. He smiled at the girl. "Looking for trouble too soon," he said cheerfully.

But his smile faded at a warning signal from Drau. Reaching Ludford's side he burst into swift, excited speech.

"*Bahia, Tuan!* . . ."

"What sort of danger?" Ludford snapped.

Fortunately, Drau was able to explain himself coherently.

Urgency robbed Drau of the opportunity of enhancing his reputation as a skilled teller of tales. Breathlessly, he finished his news. Ludford came to a swift decision, rapped out orders.

"Bandits?" asked Alison, who was picking up a little Malay.

Ludford nodded. "Drau says about sixteen. He thinks they're going towards the river, in which case they'll cross ahead of us. The track they're following will bring them the other side of the clearing. I'm afraid that if we try to go back, they'll hear us. Our best thing is to lie low. If the worst comes . . . we must fight it out."

He was watching her face anxiously. She knew it, and was on guard against showing the fear which stabbed at her.

It seemed only a matter of seconds before they were behind a screen of bushes, with a fallen trunk serving as a barricade. The Malays had rifles, and were ready for fight.

Ludford satisfied himself that all were keeping well down. He took up a position slightly in advance, his own rifle in readiness. Alison crawled to his side. He glanced at the revolver in her hand.

"I hope you're a good shot," he whispered with a smile.

"I may be useful—if they rush us," she answered.

At first there were the usual jungle sounds; in some strange way amplified. Then these dropped to silence, as if to give a warning. This silence, in turn, was broken by the slashing of heavy knives against creepers.

Ludford's hands tightened on the rifle. Across the clearing there was a movement. Then two men came into sight. Both were Chinese, raggedly clothed. Obviously they had been clearing the path, for their rifles were slung on their backs, and they carried *parangs*.

A stocky figure, wearing an officer's tunic —probably looted—and equipped with field glasses and a revolver, came into sight. He was obviously the leader. He stepped into the clearing and called impatiently to stragglers.

Ludford had a swift impression of bushes being thrust aside, of shrill voices, of khaki-clad figures, rifles, baggage. There were a few seconds during which he scarcely dared to breathe, with his heart standing still from the dread that one of the Malays might make some sound to attract attention.

Then it was all over. The clearing was

Mission With A Ring

empty again, and the normal sounds of the jungle came back.

Ludford knew there were damp beads strung across his forehead. He also discovered that Alison's hand was held firmly, unresisting, in his own. He released her, and there was a moment of awkwardness; but it was relieved by a discovery of a different kind. Both spoke at the same moment.

"Did you see what they were carrying? . . ."

"You noticed the loot? From an aircraft. . . ."

IT was reasonable to assume that the bandits had come upon the very machine for which they were searching. And it was a simple matter for Drau to follow the trail.

At the end of three hours, they found the wreckage. It had come down in the sparse vegetation on the lower slopes of a ridge. There was little to be seen apart from buckled framework, for the Chinese had removed everything of use which had survived the impact.

"His machine?" asked Alison as they stood beside it. She spoke in a whisper.

Ludford nodded. "We can assume that," he said, with a similarly strained calmness. "The same type . . . and there's only been the one reported missing."

"So that's the end of it." Her voice was flat. "You do understand? I had to know. . . . Is there any chance of. . . ."

Drau answered this by calling excitedly. Ludford, suddenly aware of what three weeks in the jungle can do to a body, spoke almost harshly as he told the girl to wait.

Within a few minutes he was back, loading his pipe with unsteady fingers. "I—I shouldn't go across," he advised. "It isn't pretty. There aren't souvenirs. I think he was killed in the crash—and thrown clear of the wreckage. I've ordered the Malays to dig a grave. . . ."

"Thank you," Allison said softly. She turned away.

Ludford thought, almost bitterly: Now she's going to look on him as a hero, going to tie herself to a memory; and nobody can speak a word. . . . He squared his shoulders. "I'll let you know when it's done," he said. He knew his voice was stiff; though he wanted to sound sympathetic.

Just as he was drawing away, Alison spoke. "Do you wonder why I went through with this? I couldn't help myself. I always have to finish what I start." She turned quickly, so that she faced him. "I heard a lot that night in Batavia, from that man Bosworth. About things I'd tried to persuade myself weren't there." Her shoulders quivered. "It was unclean, and I felt tainted myself. I couldn't just walk out. I had to finish things so that I could turn my back and walk away with the past buried. So I came to Malaya with a fixed purpose; and when I arrived, he was missing and it was all horribly incomplete. But it's ended now . . . apart from a gesture. Will you . . . put this with him?"

For a moment Ludford stood there, looking down at her, and there was no need for words between them. Then he stepped towards the bent backs of the toiling Malays, digging a grave, taking the ring with him.

END

Pennywise

(*Continued from page* 49)

them. One sign of a good quality pan is that the inside surface is dull and the "daily" should not be encouraged to shine it (as if she would!). Bright surfaces "catch" more easily.

When shopping for a suit length, look for a close, firm finish. Worsted has more substance than wool and tailors better.

A superior quality cloth costs accordingly, but, with tailoring and dressmaking prices sky-high, it is pound foolishness to have any but the best material made up.

In the leather-goods department, look for solid hasp-locks on suitcases and travel bags and good quality metal fittings on handbags. Only the best leathers have them. It is practically impossible for the shopper to tell a handsewn bag from machine stitching, but the salesman in a reliable store will tell you. There are two reasons for paying more for hand sewing—one being that it lasts much longer, the other that handwork is always proof of the superior quality material.

Leather again for shoes! There's so much difference between a well-made shoe and its poor relation that almost everyone knows the drill in shoe-shopping. But one infallible test is that a plain, simply styled shoe has to be carefully cut and highly fashioned. The shoe covered with bows and buckles, cut-out patterns and zig-zags too often conceals inferior materials and workmanship.

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National Health Patient

(*Continued from page 25*)

filled with flowers, and several of the beds were fitted up with interesting devices and contraptions to ease the condition of the injured or treated limbs. Within a few minutes a patient was wheeled in from the operating theatre and the swift, noiseless efficiency with which he was put back to bed took me by surprise. It was a most comforting sight for anyone about to be placed in a similar position. But before I could become introspective I was taken to be X-rayed and a thorough job they made of it, too. Then I returned to the ward for a welcome cup of tea and "so to bed."

I was not to be operated upon for another three days, and these were spent quite pleasantly in preparing to meet the surgeon. Nowadays nothing is left to chance and pre-operation treatment is a marvel of thoroughness and foresight. My body was shaved, and very skilfully, too, by a male nurse, and altogether I had three different dressings and an equal number of ether washings before I was ready for the fray. Then came an injection whilst in bed in the ward, followed by the final, painless needle prick outside the operating theatre which definitely puts the patient well and truly "out." Gone are the old-fashioned administration of anaesthetics with their suffocating and sickly sensations.

Obviously the condition of a patient on coming round from an anaesthetic depends to a large extent on the nature of the operation itself. Some of the major operations, as in my own case, necessitate blood transfusions and a few days elapse before the patient begins to take an active interest in his surroundings. Meanwhile, however, injections and modern drugs set the patient free from all real and distressing pain.

Next came visits from a miniature army of charming physiotherapists, who are becoming a dominant feature in hospital life. They see that, although one is confined to bed, muscles that can be used are exercised in order to retain their strength and suppleness. However much you protest their gentle yet sergeant-major like firmness always prevails. It is no longer possible to have a lazy time, physically or mentally, in hospitals to-day. An occupied mind and active body respond to treatment far quicker than a sluggish mental and physical condition.

To stop your mind from rusting is the job of the occupational-therapist. She gives you a wide choice of pleasant tasks which can be undertaken whilst lying in bed; personally I chose to tackle the making of a wool rug which I finished before I left hospital. As the price of wool has risen so dizzily this has become a proud and valuable addition to my lounge.

It is now that the hospital patient can relax and take stock of the National Health Service. But whether he is of the opinion that the Labour Government or American capitalism in the form of Marshall Aid enabled the service to be set in motion, politics gradually becomes lost in the humanizing atmosphere of hospital life. Inside it is a world of its own and outside squabbles, political or otherwise, cease to matter. Personally I felt very humble by the efforts of everyone to make my stay in London Hospital so happy and comfortable.

Some argue that this almost "social" side of hospital treatment is now being overdone and proving far too costly. For instance, a travelling library containing all the latest books regularly visits the ward. This is in addition to the morning and evening rounds by a newsagent with all the daily and weekly papers, which many declare is enough reading matter for the average patient. Then a "chocolate and cigarette" girl systematically makes her round of the wards and somehow the buying from her is a stimulating treat. Also visits from the hospital padre and barber break up the routine of the day which never becomes monotonous in a public ward.

I was surprised, too, at the sincere concern taken by the Lady Almoner in all the patients. The National Health Service has by no means erased all financial worries from many patients, and these distressing cases—though far fewer than formerly—are given the most sympathetic hearing and, if necessary, vital financial assistance. But the scope of the present-day Lady Almoner's work has been considerably enlarged. Family problems are tackled without any fuss or bother and arrangements are often made to provide domestic help in the patient's home when all other private efforts have failed.

To the great majority who have enjoyed good health during the past few years, the tremendous advance in medical science would come as something of a revelation if they suddenly found themselves in hospital. As I lay back in my bed it is no exaggeration to declare that I witnessed surgical miracles performed as if they were routine tasks. My particular operation, vitallium moulded cup arthroplasty, was unheard of before the war, and had not this surgical knowledge been perfected I should have been a cripple in my early forties. The condition was considered incurable and although this drastic treatment is still in its infancy some of the results have been staggeringly successful.

On the whole, though, I must own I thought the food pretty poor in London Hospital proper. It was too heavy and starchy and sometimes very badly cooked. A lighter diet, specially following operations, was a crying need. However, when I was removed to their convalescent home at Banstead in order to learn to walk on crutches I found the food there as appetizing as it was the reverse in the Whitechapel Road.

I must confess I missed the friendly bedside manner of the old family doctor whilst in hospital. One sees so many surgeons and doctors that there is no time to get to really know them and one begins to feel that they in their turn only know your symptoms and not you as an individual. Perhaps this is inevitable in this age of specialists for various diseases and complaints, and (*Continued on page 66*)

Good coffee; with the full rich flavour, roaster-fresh fragrance! Yet so quick to make—put a spoonful of Nescafé in the cup, add near-boiling water. With Nescafé you're sure of perfect coffee every time. Nescafé retains all its strength and goodness, sealed in by the special Nestlé process until the touch of hot water releases it for your enjoyment.

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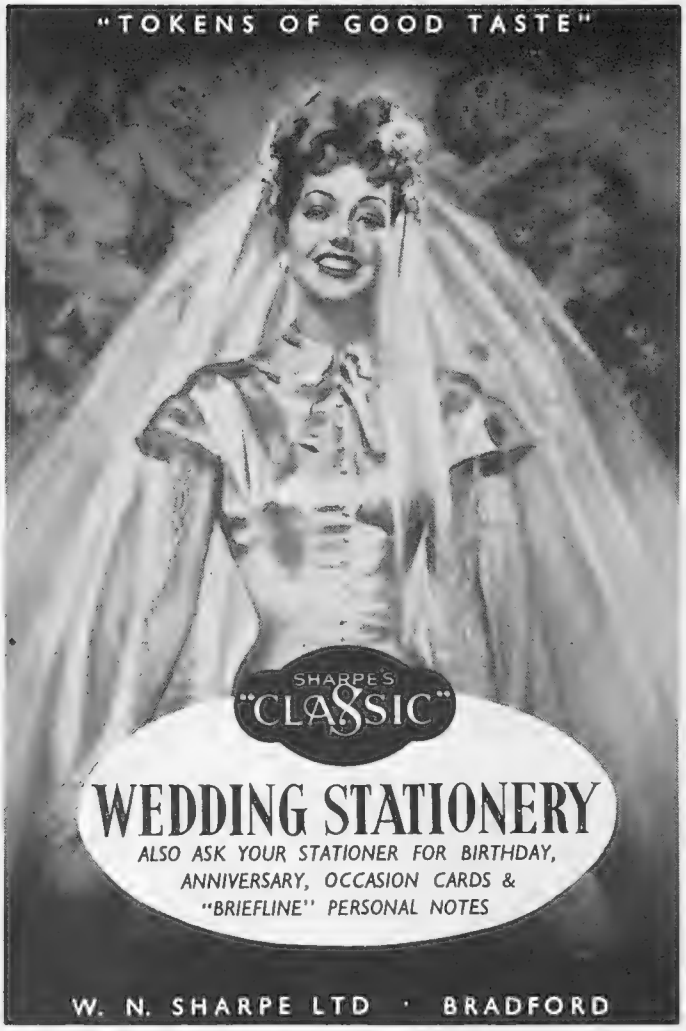

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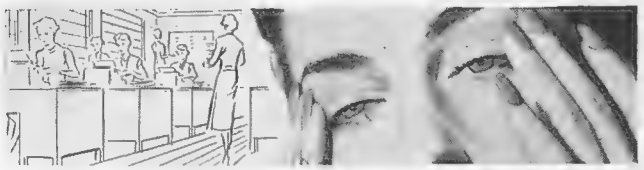

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the younger generation, not having experienced the fuss made of a home patient in the "bad" or "good" old days, may not notice it. Then I found the practice of being addressed by a doctor or surgeon from the *foot* of the bed curiously irritating. Why not the *side*—at least occasionally for a change?

After leaving the hospital as an in-patient I had to continue as an out-patient, and here I discovered the National Health Service was not nearly so efficient. It is the uncertain ambulance service which proves such a strain to those not perfectly fit. Personally I rarely reach the hospital at the appointed time for my treatment, and sometimes have had to wait five hours before an ambulance has arrived to take me home. The ambulance service is run by the L.C.C. and nobody appears to take any responsibility for it. But knowing its unreliability I think the London Hospital should provide a larger canteen where one could obtain a mid-day meal. One is seldom fit enough after a major operation to make meals of buns and tea, especially on cold winter days, without injury to one's general health.

WELL that has been and is my experience of the National Health Service. It is a great social experiment and no one, whatever his political beliefs, need hesitate to avail himself of its benefits. Magnificent service has been rendered to me for which I am duly grateful. In the near future I am to enter London Hospital again for a second operation on my other hip. Naturally I would prefer to go on a holiday, but on the other hand I can truthfully say it is an experience I do not dread by any stretch of the imagination.

END

To Let Furnished

(*Continued from page* 48)

one can consult an insurance broker. He will consider individual cases and the contributing factors (the location of the premises, the future tenant, the extent of the property, etc.) and will very probably be prepared to make a proposition. It goes without saying that the premium on such an insurance will be commensurate with the Company's assessment of the risk involved. This charge would need to be carefully weighed against the estimated profit.

Finally—and this is important—income on the furnished let are subject to tax, and this is another factor which must be included in the lessor's profit and loss account.

END

Mona Lisette

(*Continued from page* 27)

"Explanations are tedious," she interrupted quickly. "I'm more curious about your heroine than about you. I hope her young count was rich. 'Love conquers all,' no doubt, but all conquers love-in-a-cottage."

"You forget the 'pomp of power' and 'all that wealth e'er gave,' etc., etc., 'lead but to the grave,'" I quoted reproachfully.

"Maybe, but they avoid the simple flannels of the poor. . . . What happened next?"

"You caught the Blue Train to Monte Carlo. And on to Venice—to the end of the world! So young, so much in love!"

"You're wasted as a foreign correspondent. You should write novelettes."

"I was twenty-one at the time, so naturally I was stirred by your romance. You were both young enough to seem young to me, but you were also just old enough to be grown up, master and mistress of your fates. To me, it was an exquisite experience to dine with you. In all these twenty-five years since, I've never seen the word 'romantic' without re-capturing the mood of that evening."

"But how charming of you!" She was never less than pleasant, never more than elusively satirical.

We had reached a stone balustrade, looking away over the silvery shadows of Rock Creek Park precipitately below us.

"You were the first woman in love I ever saw. Oh! I don't mean engaged couples in Surbiton or Brooklyn holding hands in a corner and giggling when their elders archly say, 'Now, you two, time's up.' I mean a grand passion." (Was it my fancy, or did she shudder?) "You had a wonderful position in your country; your husband may have been old enough to be your father but he was a Prince of the realm. A hundred servants sprang to your call——"

"I like your Anthony Hope style. Or would it be a Elinor Glyn?" she scorned in the prettiest way, her straight little nose in the air, her eyes screwed up to the stars.

"You had power. Your husband was near the throne. Important people sought your favour because you were his wife. And you threw all this away for Paul—a country squire."

Then, so softly that I cannot now decide whether to follow the words by the faintest note of exclamation or by a question mark, small and wistful, Countess Tribesco said:

Was I crazy.

"You loved Paul," I said. "You never really saw me at that dinner. You saw only him."

There fell a silence between us.

"Excellency, how did it end?" I ventured at last.

Countess Tribesco opened her vanity bag and began powdering her face; she kept her head averted but a passing movement revealed that her eyes were glistening. With tears?

"They lived happily ever after?" I suggested—heartlessly, as I suspected.

(*Continued on page* 68)

Peggy Sage

High tribute to the perfection of finger-tip care by Peggy Sage is the world-wide confidence in the lasting quality of her nail polish. Its clever jewel-like sparkle on your finger-tips gleams longer than you would believe possible.

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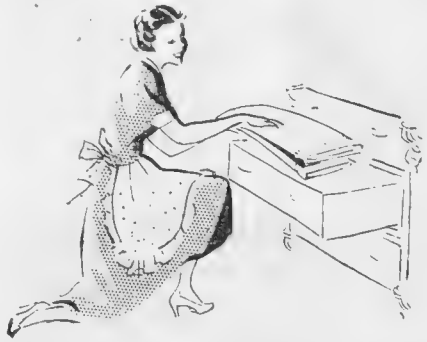

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Countess Tribesco closed her bag with a determined snap.

"Your story needs livening up," she said energetically. "Let's see. The adoring couple reach Venice. They glide about the canals to melodies by Schumann orchestrated by Cole Porter." She slipped into reverie, resting her cheek on her hand, so that again I could not see her face.

"When suddenly——" I prompted.

She roused herself. "Their ambassador called on the Princess. He told her that if she didn't return at once, her passport would be cancelled. She would be a girl not only without a husband but without a country. What's more, her wicked lord would see to it that her lover's estates were forfeited so that such money as he and she had would stop. They would starve."

There followed so long a pause that I had to summon courage to ask:

"And Paul gave way and sent her home?"

"On the contrary," Countess Tribesco retorted with quick indignation. "Paul didn't falter. He said he'd get a job. It was the Princess who scoffed. She asked what sort of a job, he, unknown, penniless in a foreign country, could hope for. She refused to give up her Vionnet dresses, her Chanel perfumes, her little dinners at the *Bœuf à la Mode*, the comforts and luxuries which were the only life she knew. She went back to her husband."

"And lived unhappily ever after——"

"Did she?" Countess Tribesco's smile became enigmatic. "You tell me your Princess was seized by a great passion. If so, would she have meekly allowed herself to be packed off in disgrace to her husband's estate? Wouldn't she have used her beauty—you said she was beautiful, you know—to save her love?"

"How?"

"Obviously she lured him to their most distant castle, and there, after a discreet interval, she gave him an overdose of something fatal and he was buried with full State honours."

"And after another discreet interval the beautiful Princess married the young Count," I exclaimed, delighted.

"Without a pang of conscience," she said drily. "Provided you leave Hollywood to me, you can keep the fiction rights of this."

"I will keep your confidence, Countess," I said with respectful sympathy.

Countess Tribesco turned slowly round. In her low-necked, pastel-blue dress, with her little air of charming unconcern, she seemed, as she leant back on her elbows against the moonlit balustrade, like a figure from a canvas by Watteau. She cocked her head a little on one side to look at me out of the corner of her eye and said with a smile that was both quizzical and bewitching:

"You believe the nonsense I've been making up?"

I was taken aback, and I suppose I showed it, for it was with a ripple of mirth that she went on:

"With whomever, and wherever, you may 'have-been-before,' it was not with my husband and me. We were married a mere ten years ago and we didn't elope."

"You didn't murder your husband in order to marry Paul!" escaped from me in my disappointment.

"It's true I was a widow, but my first husband was killed in a railway accident, the responsibilities for which," she added with a glint of mischief, "were clearly fixed on a signalman who couldn't keep awake."

"Then what eloping couple did I give dinner to?" I asked ruefully.

"As for that," the ambassadress remarked, "you'd better slip back into that 'you-have-been-there-before' trance and see where you come out next time." And she laughed, politely, charmingly, but definitely at me.

I FOUND myself in the state of mind that follows an unanswerable demonstration that one of your innermost convictions is untenable. Your whole being rejects the argument but reason is baffled. I *knew* that I had dined with that eloping couple in Paris. . . . Down the years Countess Tribesco's pet name floated back to me—Lisette; and with that, I remembered Paul telling me that he always knew when she was up to mischief—"because she puts on a Mona Lisa smile." Whereupon she had said with a comic slyness that she would have compelled Leonardo to repaint his masterpiece on the spot: "You mean a Mona Lisette smile!"

And thus had she smiled at me to-night when suggesting that the Princess had killed her husband.

"By God! Lisette!" I said roughly (for I had not enjoyed being made to feel a fool). "You and Paul did dine with me. That night in Paris is as real to me as—as——"

"——as it is to Paul and Lisette," she filled in quietly, making me ashamed of my churlishness.

"Then why did you deny it?" I asked apologetically.

Countess Tribesco lifted her elbows from the balustrade and stood up.

"To you, that night opened the doors of romance; you want to remember it. But to Lisette, it brought realities—that for years she tried to forget."

"She was happy with Paul. What had she to forget?"

The self-possession of the ambassadress momentarily deserted Countess Tribesco, and I saw only a frail woman remembering sad things.

"That she had returned so meekly to her husband. That she had dared to kill him only in her dreams," she murmured, to herself rather than to me.

I wondered how I could pick up the pieces that I had broken.

"To have killed him would have solved nothing and led to greater unhappiness," I suggested. (*Continued on page 70*)

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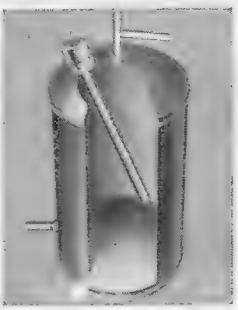

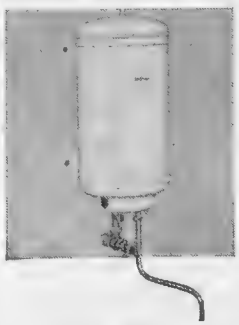

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With an abrupt change of mood, she said tartly :

"The Princess agreed with you. She found another solution. She decided to enjoy life." And Countess Tribesco laughed outright at my surprise. "Parties. Theatres. Balls. Travels. Sport. . . . Lovers," she sketched airily.

"So the train accident was not a release but a bore," I said, feeling cheated.

"Of course not. It smashed wide open—to use your favourite language—the long closed doors of romance. Lisette and Paul rushed into each other's arms——"

"The happy ending," I nodded my approval.

"——and entered on the unhappiest time of their lives," she finished.

"Let me get this straight," I said patiently.

"They sought the ecstasies of that stolen honeymoon," she explained with a captivating caricature of my patient tone. "They grasped at vanished shadows."

I reflected that nothing daunted this woman. She mocked happiness, and thereby increased its intensity. She mocked tragedy and took the sting out of it. Here, uninvited, had I strolled into her memories, taking things off shelves with sacriligious hands, dropping them like a boor, and, with fantasy shot with irony, she had defended herself, and me, against my clumsiness. I did not believe that she and Paul had been unhappy after they had come together again. She had said that so that she, and I, should enjoy my bewilderment. To keep the superficialities of life to the surface where they can be enjoyed—that was her gift. Doubtless, after years of separation, she and Paul had had to adapt—I stopped at the word; and I went on aloud :

"One thing about you is clear. You're adaptable, Lisette. If you managed to find ways of making life tolerable with a man whom in your dreams you wanted to murder, it's a safe bet you found out how to be happy with a man whom you wanted to love." And I laughed at her (for I felt that it was about my turn).

"Yes," she admitted, demurely. "After we had learnt to know the different men and women that we had each grown into——"

"You found love !"

"What a teenage mind !" she said. "We found children, duties, responsibilities, and some pleasant interests in common."

"And so you lived as happily ever after as we all do !" I cried.

"As more than most of us do," she amended, and the enchantment of her smile returned. Dear Mona Lisette !

END

Intuition In Her Fingers

(*Continued from page* 28)

The mystery is deepened by a crowning experience which seems to show that a plant may exhibit what are remarkably like the virtues, or vices, of pride and prejudice. Incensed by the remarks of a certain rose grower, Mr. Prosser was once, he relates, moved to point a rhetorical finger at a young runner bean and observe : ". . . why, sir, even that bean has more intelligence than you. Before you have finished your glass of cider that runner will droop to the ground, rest for a while, then reach out towards that stick for support." There was no telepathy here, as Prosser admits; only professional foreknowledge of a physical certainty. Yet the fact that the bean elected to take this step then instead of many hours later seems to have dumbfounded the eight experienced gardeners who saw it happen.

Of others who in his experience have exercised a green-finger influence Mr. Prosser gave several examples. I wish I could recount them all. One person may plant a rose head after its petals have fallen, and a new plant will rise. It will do this for few others. One gardener in a thousand may move a climbing rose at any season, and in due time it will go on climbing. For the other nine hundred and ninety-nine nothing will induce the rose to climb; it sulks stubbornly as a pygmy bush for the rest of its life.

Biologists have interpreted the qualities that achieve these responses as a keen knowledge and understanding of the *sensitivities* of plants, which gives what appears to many to be an unusual power over growth and behaviour. It used to be denied that plants could possess any feelings as we understand them, until the Indian scientist Sir Jagadis Chandra Bose spent his life in an objective study which proved exactly the opposite. As a physics student Bose discovered that metals could be "fatigued," but would recover their sensitivity after rest. This deepened his interest in certain similarities he had observed between inanimate and living matter, and led him on to the study of feeling in plants. He devised delicate instruments to record plant growth and experience, and observed that plants were numbed by cold, suffocated by foul air, stupefied by anaesthetics, intoxicated by alcohol, excited by electrical currents, exhilarated in sunshine, wearied by hard work, pained by violence—and, indeed, that all these were actuated by a complicated anatomy centred on a heart beat, almost as in humans. To the horror of that ardent vegetarian Bernard Shaw, Bose once demonstrated that a cabbage, on being boiled, went into violent convulsions as it was scalded to death. In 1917 he founded the Bose Research Institute, and was knighted. Earlier he had been admitted to Fellowship of the Royal Society, which august and sceptical body he had failed to convince when, nine years before, he had read them a paper on his work.

Other scientists then came forward to vindicate Bose's theory of the electric response of ordinary plants, though there remained, and still remain, plenty of unbelievers, despite the additional compelling testimony of the newly observed, complicated (*Continued on page* 72)

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internal anatomy of bacteria. For these are themselves vegetable cells, and, viewed through a microscope, disclose a complex network and an assembly of curious blobs that suggest "hearts" and "lungs" and digestive systems. The sceptics should be led by the nose to contemplate the human-like structure of a plant in embryo. In the seed is the entire and infinite organism of the growing plant, since it contains the germ that will eventually become the plant. Microscopically it includes all the plant's distinctive characters: the shapes of leaves, the form and colour and scent of the flowers, even the patterns and markings of the petals, and, wondrously, a concentrated packet of chemical food to feed the young plant until its roots are sturdy enough to enable it to live an independent existence.

Do not these testimonies confirm that plants are sensitive organisms endowed with pulse beats as in animals, are able to exercise discrimination through senses of feeling and smell, and that some even have modified hearing and vision? And the evidence begs the question: Which among us humans has the power or the experience to recognize and command floral responsiveness? "He has 'finger-spitzengefuhl,' a sort of sixth sense." This was said of Rommel as a soldier. With few exceptions every job he tackled, every battle he fought, ended in his favour. You find much the same quality in diviners. Ridiculed by water engineers, the "witchers" continue to confound the experts by often succeeding where they have failed.

But of all these powers, "green fingers" are, I think, the most fascinating. And not by any means is this quality the exclusive possession of those whose work associates them with the higher knowledge of plants. A nurse is not necessarily in love, nor even in tune, with her patient; nor a keeper with his monkey. It is no exaggeration that plants sometimes actively resent the attentions of professional handlers, if these are unsympathetic. Harmless plants may do so by the simple resistance of stinging or pricking, some dangerous tropical species by stinging in a degree much more severe, others by electric shock, others again by poisoning which can be fatal. A Brazilian plant, fitly dubbed the octopus, attempts to dispose by strangulation of anything—or anybody—that maltreats it. The annals of Kew have records of serious injury to mishandlers of some of these unpleasant imported jungle specimens. But a few folk can tend them with impunity, as an endowed few in another sphere handle without harm venomous snakes, tarantulas and Black Widow spiders.

Although the writer loves flowers, they will do little that he tells them. I mend a standard rose, broken at the waist—nearly always without success. But my wife can resurrect the virtually dead. Nothing she plants or strikes or repairs, fails. It has seemed to me that she may even successfully flout the simplest laws of propagation. Undoubtedly plants have a big propensity for kindly response to kindly human attentions, and it would seem that they are even more responsive to an inborn capacity for affection. Plants, like everything else that lives, react in their own way, a way that is surprisingly human, to this instinct.

END

The Three Enchanters

(*Continued from page* 13)

brought a dowry of 200,000 gold francs-worth of jewellery to her husband, Prince Ghyka, who had met her, like so many others, *chez Maxim.*

A WORD about Maxim's at the height of the Belle Époque will not be out of place. This world-famous restaurant in the rue Royale, "where people go to see and be seen" (and also to eat some of the best food in Paris) began in a curious way on the wreckage of an ice-cream shop run by an Italian named Imoda who had been stupid enough to decorate his premises with a German flag on Bastille Day. A waiter named Maxime Gaillard bought the shop for 6,000 francs—then worth about £250—and opened "Maxim's" in 1893.

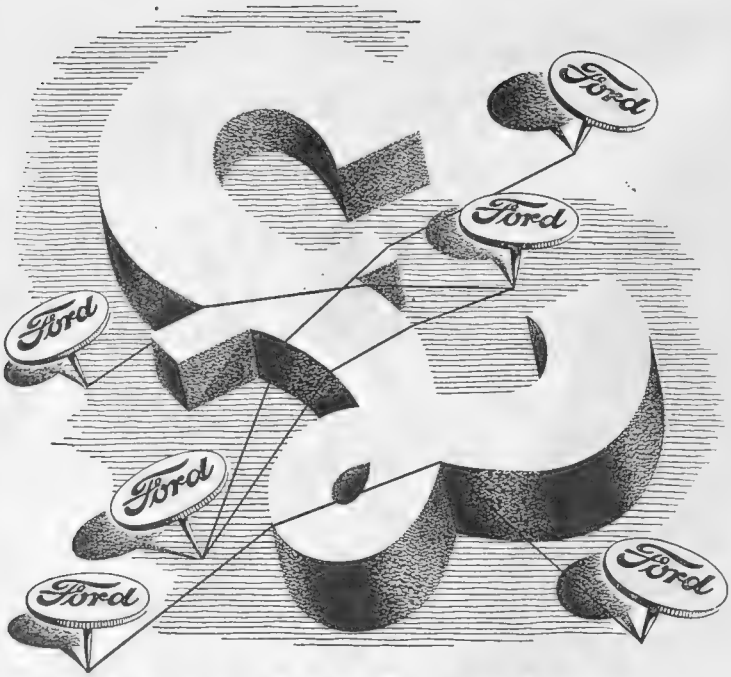
But Maxim died and the place was flopping until, one night, a celebrated society woman, Irma de Moatigny, descended with a group of revellers. These stayed most of the night, consumed thirty-six bottles of champagne at a stiff price a bottle, and Maxim's was established as the eating place of the *élite.* One of the first pillars was Max Lebaudy, otherwise "The Emperor of the Sahara," who was always accompanied by his ex-boxer valet, Crest. Lebaudy could be certain of finding his favourite dish, salad of violets, at Maxim's.

Founding of the all-male "Gin Club" boosted the restaurant's reputation still further in the early 1900s. Members of the "Gin Club" normally arrived for dinner at 10 p.m. and left at dawn. Most of the men were so famous that they required a "*salon particulier,*" to dine unobserved with their mistresses or negotiate secret political deals. Those were the days leading up to the semi-fictional "Merry Widow."

Stories of incidents at the restaurant were told wherever upper-class Parisians met, and not infrequently one or the other of three reigning beauties, Liane de Pougy, Cléo de Mérode and La Belle Otéro, would prove to be the heroine.

One of the best-known incidents concerned the loss of a very valuable diamond brooch from the bosom of Otéro who offered the maître d'hôtel, Gerard, a reward of 50,000 (gold) francs. Gerard had noticed a client at the bar bend over after the beauty had passed but because of the nature of Maxim's he was not in a position to search the suspect. But he had a brainwave.

He ordered the most famed dish of the house—a creamed soufflé topped with a bouquet of roses—and then tripped the waiter so as to land the entire plate on the suspected thief at the bar. When the man removed his dinner-jacket in the (*Continued on page* 74)



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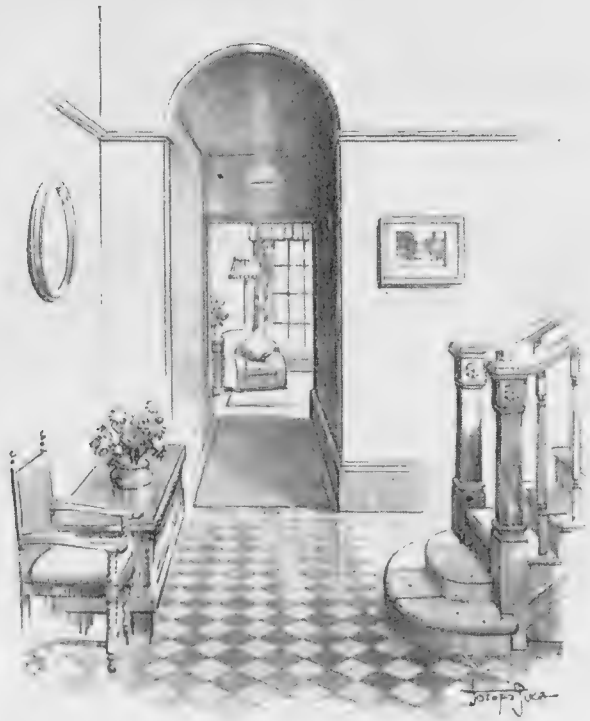

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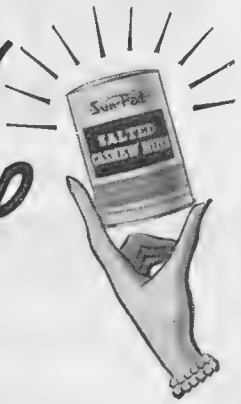

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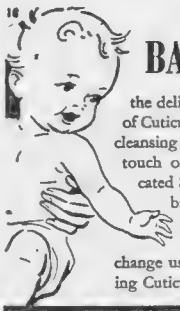

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Your Friend for Life

cloakroom Gerard went through the pockets, found the brooch, and returned it to Otéro in the centre of another soufflé.

Memories of the hectic side of the Belle Époque have been in part evoked by some rather catty tales that La Belle Otéro has been telling apropos the death of Liane de Pougy. Liane must have been eighty, while Otéro, who came from Barcelona to Paris in the nineties, cannot be much less. Otéro says she had the figure, and Liane had not, but used to puff herself out to be in the fashion of that day. The Portuguese also says Liane couldn't wear evening dress, as she (Otéro) could; that Liane could not compete with her on the stage and that Liane had long envied her her rich grand duke.

And now that face which was so lovely lies in a plain wooden coffin under a simple cross, beside the grave of Liane's favourite, Sister Emérentienne, in a little country cemetery beyond Grenoble. No vault, no marble, not even flowers, just a small pine symbolizing life eternal. She who had re-become Anne-Marie Chassaigne expressly desired it so. Years before, she wrote: "I would like to die on a Christmas Day so as to be buried beneath snow. Above all, don't build any vault. I want to feel the earth completely against my coffin. I would even prefer it to be directly against my body."

Anne-Marie died last Christmas Day and snow covered the earth as her coffin was sunk beside that of Sister Emérentienne. Only a small group at the graveside (none from the Belle Époque !), and the singing of a children's choir made up of little ones who had benefited by the generosity of an "unknown princess in Switzerland." Anne-Marie Chassaigne, Princess Ghyka, queen of the beauties, most adulated by connoisseurs, had begun her eternal sleep in a nun's tomb next to her friend, Sister Emérentienne.

And about the same time the third woman in this story was being surprisingly heard from.

Cléo de Mérode shone for her beauty at the turn of the century, a dark, madonna type, whose concealment of her ears by her coiffeure —first time it was ever done—led to the myth that she was without ears ! Of good Belgian origin, Cléo assumed a Belgian noble name with romantic associations, and she herself was said to have conquered for many years one of the richest reigning sovereigns in Europe. She had a villa at Cap Ferrat, a flat in Paris, and in later years retired to an edifying old age in a corner of Berry, central France.

Most people who had heard of her, probably thought Cléo de Mérode dead, but she proved herself very much alive and on her dignity by taking a libel action against Mme. Simone de Beauvoir, well-known authoress of a book called *The Second Sex*, which professes to set forth the lives of famous demi-mondaines, included among whom was Cléo, who from the watch-tower of nearly eighty, proclaimed she was never any such thing. Mlle. de Mérode says she never belonged to that social category which was designated in 1900, and since Dumas the Younger, by the expression demi-monde.

For that matter, Dumas at once protested against the twist that had been given to the hyphenated word of his invention. "Let us establish here and now, for dictionaries of the future," wrote Dumas, "that the demi-monde does not represent, as is thought, as one prints, a collection of courtesans, but the class of the *déclassées* . . . it is separated from honest women by public scandal, whereas courtesans are separated by money."

And it is so that the four heroines of Dumas' *Demi-Monde*, Baroness d'Agne, Mme. de Santis, Mme. Verniers, and the last-named's niece, Marcelle, are not courtesans.

According to the author's own definition, George Sand would have been a courtesan because tarnished by scandal, but she saved herself by her talent and intelligence.

So it seems rather muddled and doubtless the courts will arrive at a thoroughly French conclusion. The case has spilt a deal of ink on account of the interesting flashbacks that it has set in motion, and the comparisons with to-day that have been provoked. The general view seems to be that demi-mondaines or courtesans in the old accepted sense ceased to be in 1914, the reason being that big fortunes and rich sons then passed from the scene.

"The big demi-mondaines, the big cocottes, have not yet all passed to a better half-world, as was pronounced at one of their funerals," writes André Billy, of the Goncourt Academy, "but it is a fact that their elegance and glory have been inherited by no one." He thinks there are now far more courtesans in the vulgar sense, and still more again in the sense intended by Dumas, but such women do not get spoken about, cause no more sensations or ravages.

END

The Loves Of Paganini

(*Continued from page* 24)

Always he doted on his son. Once, when Achillino broke a leg and had to be kept still for the limb to heal, not even his mother could control him, and it looked as if the child would be deformed for life. Paganini, for more than a week, held him on his knees, sang to him, soothed him, amused him, watched over him while he slept. By the time the limb was normal again Paganini was a wreck. His own leg developed a disease; he fell ill.

When he died at Nice of a diseased larynx at fifty-six he left Achillino about £80,000, from which Antonia received an annuity of 1,200 francs. An emaciated skeleton racked by a shattering cough, he banished the gloom of his last days with wild improvisations which rivalled the most sensational feats of an astonishing genius, and in his last hour reached out from the death-bed for his cherished violin to brush with trembling fingers a ghostly music from the strings.

END

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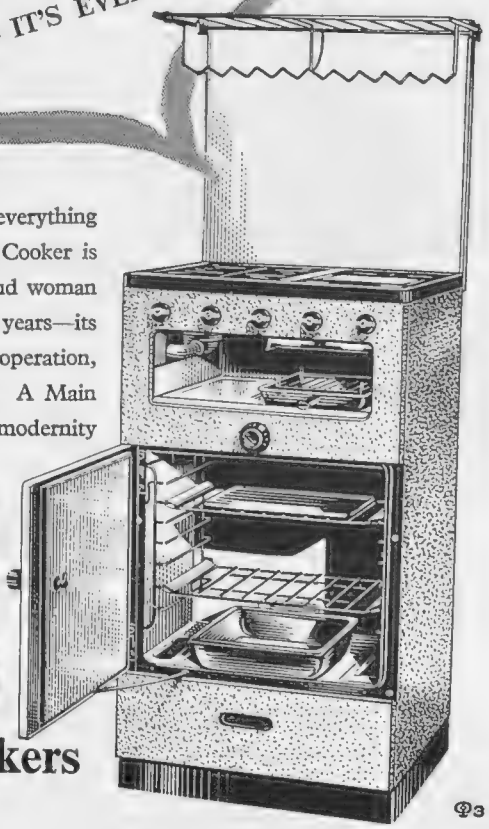

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Head In The Clouds

(*Continued from page 20*)

to laymen in the new International Cloud Atlas. The pre-war version carried some 200 photographs of clouds, typed, classified and sub-indexed without any regard for poetic grandeur of the subject. This new post-war version will be based on colour-photographed versions of the clouds for the first time in meteorological history.

In these past years we have had to rely on the excellent series of photographs from the G. A. Clarke Collection, in the possession of that central body, the Royal Meteorological Society. These illustrate and describe the cloud forms of the International Classification. But as there are many hundreds of sub-divisions of cloud patterns, colour photography is vital. And that is one reason why the new Cloud Atlas now being drawn up is a scientific milestone.

The first attempt to put clouds into groups was made in the year 373 B.C. by the Greek philosopher Theophrastus, who, for example, distinguished between clouds "like fleeces of wool" and clouds "just streaks across the sky."

The second attempt was made almost in the same year, 1803, by the French biologist Lamarck and—in England—by Luke Howard. Although within the half-century the International Cloud Committee turned Howard's simple plan into a complex jargon, his three principal types, which were given Latin names, still stand as a guide to what clouds are and do. They are :

Cirrus, a lock of hair; *Cumulus*, a heap; *Stratus*, a layer.

It is a truism that all the weather in the world takes place within seven miles of the earth's surface. At that height the air is almost non-existent, and without air there are no clouds, no winds, no "depressions." . . . So the highest cloud you are ever likely to see is five to six miles. At that height come the delicate streaks of *cirrus*. They are always small and streaky, for at such a height the air is very cold, and cold air can hold only a minimum of moisture. Tufts, plumes and bands of cirrus stretch out into the sky, the water droplets frozen into ice crystals—myriads of them. Cirrus is a fine-weather cloud, implying fine weather at the time of viewing. But it is also seen in advance of a bad-weather "system." The mighty winds five miles up, bringing rain on the way, spread the icy cirrus threads out before them.

The white veil of *cirro-stratus* is a certain sign of impending bad weather. If there is sun, a halo may be seen through the faint veil of cirro-stratus. At night a faint cloud of this type may form in front of the moon : and then we see the "ring around the moon" which is fairy-like, pretty—and a pretty reliable sign of bad weather to come.

Stratus is the uniform layer of cloud, having no definite shape and seen from 100 feet up to nearly 4,000 feet. Patches of stratus obscure the peaks of hills and mountains. Cumulus, the woolpack cloud, may be at any height from 1,000 to 5,000 feet. *Nimbo-stratus* is the great dark cloud mass from which rain is failing. In winter, the darker, denser nimbo-stratus "precipitates" snow.

The four—cirrus, stratus, cumulus and nimbo-stratus—are the basic types. Cirro-stratus is an intermediate variety, and so are cirro-cumulus (the mackerel sky), alto-cumulus (the same type, but not so high in the sky), alto-stratus (again, like cirro-stratus, but not so high up; it does not form haloes), and strato-cumulus.

Over most of Britain, strato-cumulus is the one cloud the non-meteorologist can be certain about; it covers the sky for days at a time during periods of "anticyclonic gloom," and paints the skyline and the sky overhead with great lumps of grey. If the sun dares to shine, it makes golden, watery channels through the banks of strato-cumulus. Of much graver form is the *cumulo-nimbus*, the anvil-like form which foretells thunder or heavy rain. These great anvils of black cloud can be seen for over 100 miles away, and the energy and moisture they contain are colossal. A sudden storm in late spring may bring up anvil-like cumulo-nimbus that carries over thirty cubic miles of water vapour . . . hundreds of tons of water ready to drop when Nature's sluice-gates are opened and the storm breaks.

Within recent years, met. men have added three words to cloud forms, making dozens of new sub-divisions. These words are *fracto*, *castellatus* and *lenticular*. Fracto, of course, implies a broken, scudded cloud. Castellatus, the castle shape, is a sign of thunder. Lenticular —lens-shaped—is often applied to many other forms of cloud which seem to their observers to have an oval or lens shape. The met. man, loving his jargon, will speak of "cumulus lenticularis," airing his Latin to explain that he means a lens-shaped heap of woolpack-like cloud. And if the townsman is worried to know if this means rain, the answer is more than ten-to-one against.

There is one "cloud" which does not come into these classifications, and which during the anxious years of war was a fearful sight in the sky. I mean the vapour condensation trails of aircraft.

These curious high-flying vapour trails are not the exhaust smoke of the engines, as some people thought. They can be condensation trails due to water in the exhaust, however, or they may be due to super-saturation of the air below freezing point at such a great height. Exhaust and wing-tip trails of aircraft make man-made "clouds" that are almost a caricature of Nature's own.

To those who wish to photograph clouds, it is encouraging to remember that the best professional cloud pictures have been taken with the simplest apparatus. For filters, the main job of the filter is to get greatest contrast between white cloud and the blue background. A filter having a value of between X2 and X4 is suitable, but the colour is not important. Yellow, orange or red are all satisfactory. The aim is to show sharp definition in detail, so there must be no camera-shake. It is better to use a faster film, even though grainy. What a pity it is that amateur photographers insist on taking snaps "with people in." A photograph of the horizon, showing the majesty of the clouds, is likely to have more real pictorial value.

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Honeycomb And Rib

(*Continued from page* 44)

rep. from * twice, patt. 19, m. 1, inc. in m. (131 sts.).

26th to 32nd rows.—M. 20, * patt. 19, m. 17; rep. from * once, patt. 19, m. 20.

33rd row.—Inc. in m., m. 19, c. 91, m. 19, inc. in m. (133 sts.).

34th to 48th rows.—M. 39, patt. 19, m. 17, patt. 19, m. 39.

49th row.—M. 39, c. 55, m. 39.

50th to 64th rows.—M. 57, patt. 19, m. 57.

65th row.—M. 57, c. 19, m. 57.

Break off c. and continue in all m. until work measures 13 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape armholes by casting off 8 sts. at the beg. of the next 2 rows and dec. at each end of the following 8 rows (101 sts.). Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 10 rows. Change to No. 13 needles and work in k. 1, p. 1 upon remaining sts. for 1 in. Cast off in rib.

THE FRONT

Work as for back until armhole shaping has been completed (101 sts.). Shape neck thus: (right side of work) k. 43, cast off 15, (loop on needle), k. 42.

Continue in st.st. until work measures 16½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then dec. at neck edge on every alternate row until sts. are reduced to 35. Continue straight until work measures 20 ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. at the beg. of the next 5 rows, starting at armhole edge. Rejoin wool at remaining sts. and work other shoulder to match.

NECK BORDER

Holding right side of work towards you and using No. 13 needles and m., pick up and k. 84 sts. up the side of neck (leaving the 15 cast-off sts. untouched). Work in k. 1, p. 1 for 1 in. Cast off in rib. Work a similar border to other side of neck. Join shoulders and neatly stitch the edge of ribbing to cast-off sts. so that the two borders meet.

THE SLEEVES

Using No. 13 needles and m., cast on 70 sts. and work in k. 1, p. 1 for 2½ ins.

Next row (wrong side of work).—P. 5, (p. 1, inc.) 30 times, p. 5 (100 sts.).

Change to No. 10 needles and continue in st.st. until work measures 6½ ins. from the cast-on edge, then shape top of sleeve by dec. at each end of every alternate row until 70 sts. remain. Now dec. at each end of every row until 24 sts. remain. Cast off. Work another sleeve to match. Press all parts, except ribbing, join seams and insert sleeves.

END

Spring Theme

(*Continued from page* 44)

SLEEVES

Cast on 18 sts. Work in st.st., inc. by 2 sts. at end of every row until there are 90 sts. on the needle. Work 1¼ ins. without shaping.

Next row.—K. 5, k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog., k. 2 tog. until last 5 sts., k. 5 (50 sts. on the needle). Work 6 rows garter st. Cast off loosely.

TO MAKE UP

Stitch up side seams and ¼ in. of shoulders at armhole edge. Insert sleeves. Pick up 42 sts. at front neck, work 6 rows in garter st. Cast off. Pick up 26 sts. at back of neck, work 6 rows in garter st. Cast off. Crochet along shoulder opening, and make loops for buttons. Thread elastic thread along inside of waist line.

END

A Century Of British Mountain Climbing

(*Continued from page* 15)

years of the century. So did the two little red-cloth volumes of *Climbing in the British Isles* which Haskett-Smith subsequently wrote, and the numerous photographs of the Abraham brothers, two Keswick men who photographed as well and as extensively as they climbed difficult rocks.

MOUNTAINEERING in Britain soon acquired a tradition and a status of its own, and when John Robinson, that veteran of the British rocks, returned from his only visit to the Alps in 1898, "he did not entertain any strong desire to renew his acquaintance therewith, although he spoke with due respect of his ascent of the Matterhorn."

The Cobbler Club, devoted to climbing in Britain, had been founded in Glasgow as early as 1866 and by the turn of the century there were nearly a score of such little groups, two of the most influential being the Scottish Mountaineering Club and the Climbers' Club. Few of them admitted women to membership and in 1908 Mrs. Inglis Clark, wife of a famous Scottish climber, founded the Ladies Scottish Climbing Club; the Ladies Alpine Club, started by Mrs. Aubrey le Blond as the Lyceum Club in 1910, and the Inter-War Pinnacle Club, are two of its more famous successors. (*Continued on page* 79)

In many ways the early years of the present century can be called the Golden Age of British mountaineering. Men such as Geoffrey Winthrop Young, who is still with us, Hugh Rose Pope, Mallory of Everest fame, Oppenheimer, Herford, and many others who were to die in the first World War, were busy working out new climbs not only on the gullies and ridges but also on the great rock-faces between them.

This new type of climbing was possible largely owing to the new technique worked out earlier by Archer Thomson. A schoolmaster teaching in North Wales, aloof, hesitant of revealing exactly where he had been, Thomson played a leading part in no less than eighteen of the twenty-five great new climbs which were made in North Wales between 1894 and 1900. Perhaps the most famous was his ascent with his friend Hughes of the Devil's Kitchen near Llyn Ogwen, an almost legendary exploit in which the couple cut their way up the frozen waterfall with the help of Mrs. Jones's coal hatchet.

By the beginning of the first World War, climbing in Britain had become firmly established as a sport and during the 1920s its popularity steadily increased. The development of cars, which brought Wales or even the Lakes within reach of the big towns, the start of the Youth Hostel Association, and the growth of the open-air movement generally, all contributed.

Perhaps one of the most significant developments of the last few post-war years has been the growth of organizations through which training in climbing can be obtained—the Outward Bound Trust, the Mountaineering Association, and the Central Council of Physical Recreation are only the most prominent of them.

The reason lies in the great attraction of climbing in Britain. It is true that there are no climbs of the length which may be found in the Alps; except for a few months a year in Scotland, it is difficult to find good snow or ice conditions; yet British rock-climbing is second to none, its standard is as high as that to be found anywhere in the world, and the British hills have a charm which cannot be fully appreciated until you have climbed them in all weathers.

(The photographs which illustrate this article are by Abraham, of Keswick.)

END

The Great Figures Of 1851

(Continued from page 16)

it produced "statesmen," a Lord John Russell and a Mr. Gladstone. And there was a certain Mr. John Stuart Mill who had the strange idea—anathema to the Queen—that women should have a vote; that one day they might even sit in the House of Commons! Miss Florence Nightingale was shortly to suggest a more active status for women when she left a life of sheltered ease to reform military hospitals; yet perhaps a more accepted heroine of the day was Mrs. Beeton.

Personalities? For choice the Chinese mandarin who took his place, in the opening procession of the exhibition, between the Archbishop of Canterbury and the Master of the Household.

Nobody was quite sure who he was, or anything about him, except that he had come up the Thames in a junk called the *Ke-Ying*. Later on it turned out that his name was He-Sing and the junk contained a travelling variety show.

Or for bohemian colour there were plenty of such figures as the flamboyantly bohemian George Augustus Sala, wining and dining daily in the "Gastronomic Symposium of All Nations" which the French chef Soyer had opened in Gore House—just opposite the exhibition—and called the "Pré d'Orsay" as a tribute to the Count who had been a tenant of the mansion.

And then there were those names destined to achieve their own particular legendary fame, and which appeared in the massive catalogue (a replica of which the Prince Consort can be seen reading in the Albert Memorial to this day). There were the exhibits of Mr. Swan and Mr. Edgar, of Mr. Fortnum and Mr. Mason, of Mr. Negretti and Mr. Zambra, of Mr. Courtauld the creator of textiles and Mr. Colman of the mustard-pot, of Elkington's the silversmiths and Garrards the Court jeweller. It says much for the permanence of English commercial life that scores of firms known to 1951 are exhibiting their wares in 1851.

How many of the writers of to-day, and how many of the artists; and which of the poets and architects of this year of Grace will be remembered in 2051 as vividly as we are aware of the great company of just one hundred years ago this spring?

END

Among The Gold

(Continued from page 36)

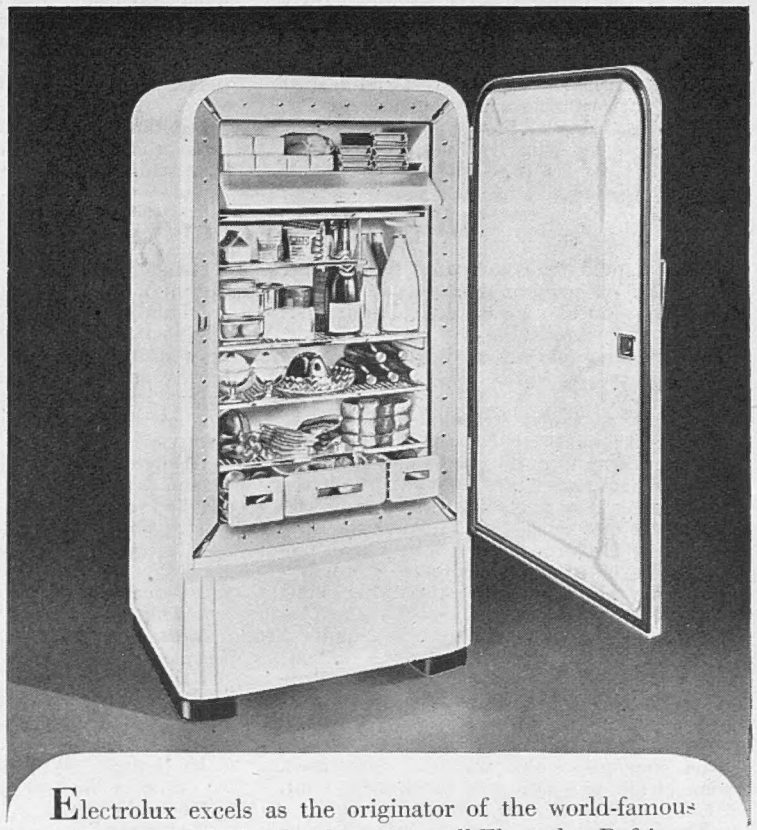
I was caught in the toils. Once started, tinting had to go on.

Oddly enough, the matter was settled for me—and by a gipsy. A swarthy, naturally jet-haired creature who knocked upon my door one day and begged to be allowed to tell my fortune. I declined the fortune, and as I shut the door the gypsy shook her head sympathetically and said:

"'Tweren't old age as turned you grey, dearie—it were sorrer. . . ."

I sat down upon the stairs and laughed and laughed and laughed. Not at the gipsy, but at myself. At my conceit and my foolish delusion. At my vanity and weakness.

It had taken me a long time to come to my senses, but now that I had it was with a sense of exquisite release. Now I am letting it go, and liking it. I have unveiled my hair, so to speak, and found it almost *(Continued on page 80)*



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white at the temples, silver elsewhere, with streaks of my original brown scattered about with a sort of piebald effect. And, d'you know, I rather like that, too.

So do others. My nearest-and-dearest friends, for instance, who previously and so frequently gushed : "I *love* the colour of your hair !" now coo over it and say : "Darling, why didn't you let it go before? That hard, unnatural colour was so ageing. . . ." (The cats.) The kinder ones say : "How pretty you look with grey hair. I wish mine would turn. . . ."

The funny thing is, I really don't look any older.

But the nicest and most sincere testimony came from my small son when he returned from school at the end of term.

Among The Gold

"Paul," said I, "have you noticed how much grey hair I have now?"

He glanced at me in surprise.

"Golly ! So you have ! I hadn't noticed—but you always look the same to me. . . ."

And he went on counting his conkers.

END

The Price Of A Dream (*Continued from page* 31)

cularly wanted their company, but because he wanted to acquire that ease of manner that she admired. He learned to smile, not in the way he had before, but with that wide, teeth-revealing smile that did not show the feelings. And he wrote.

AFTER a while, he moved across to Antwerp—the city of cafés. There, he would be away from the people he knew, that Louise knew and there he could watch the effect of his new personality on people who had never met the old Luke Freeman. And he wrote. He wrote in the way a man will write who is driven by more than ordinary ambition. He sent short story after short story, not to Arthur Melrin but to the U.S. where all were sold and published under a *nom de plume*.

After a year in Antwerp, there was little resemblance between the suave playboy he had become and the young writer who had struggled for a living in London. People liked him—especially women. Sometimes, some girl he was with would look up to pout, "I always think you're laughing at me."

There was only one person with whom he found it difficult to act and that was Marie Piquet. Marie was French, a graduate of a Paris university and had been working her way around Europe. She had arrived in Antwerp about the same time as Luke, intending to spend a month there and needing a job to pay her expenses, she answered the advertisement posted by the owner of "Bob's"—"*On demande demoiselle.*"

But the month had stretched to a year and Marie still worked at "Bob's." People said that she stayed because of Luke and smiled, knowing that no woman would trap that one.

He seldom went out with Marie though, as they both lived in the same building, they saw each other every day. With her, he would often find himself talking as he had in the days before he met Louise—as a man who set his own standards and cared little what others thought of him, who never tried to impress anyone.

With the polishing process over, Luke began the book that he knew would be a best seller on both sides of the Atlantic—the book that was to be published under his own name. Only a fortnight had passed since he had mailed the manuscript to Arthur Melrin. Soon he would be ready to return to London—to a Louise who could no longer laugh at him.

But she had come, it seemed, before the world knew of his success and a doubt put caution into him.

He took her coat and led her to a table, but with her sitting opposite him, smiling, more beautiful than ever, it was somehow not as he had planned. Marie came to stand over them, looking all at once absurdly young and almost plain beside the other woman. "Do you want something, Luke?"

He glanced at Louise who said, "Whatever you're having, dear."

"Two Scotch," Marie concluded tiredly and was gone.

"You like her, don't you?" observed Louise and added, "I suppose you'd forgotten all about me."

"She's just one of the girls—nothing special. No I hadn't forgotten. What are you doing over here?"

"I came to look for you, of course. Oh Luke. . . ." She leaned forward to take his hand. "I was wrong—so wrong. I'd have come back to you long ago only I didn't know where to look." Then his heartbeats quickened as she smiled again in the way he remembered and said, "You've changed, you know. You could go anywhere now."

"Think so?" He had imagined so often just what he would say to her, how charming he would be but now he was tongue-tied not having anything to say, not wanting to be witty. Somehow everything was wrong about this meeting and yet he should have been happy.

"Do you love me still, Luke? Say you do."

And as she asked he was at last at ease and laughed into her eyes. "But of course I love you. I love all beautiful women."

"Oh. . . . What happened to the Luke who used to say, 'You know, I've a very funny idea—one woman for one man.'"

"He grew up."

Marie returned with the drinks and when Louise asked, "Dance with me darling—for old times," he knew that she was watching the French girl's face for any sign that would indicate that there was something between them.

He thought : Why, she's jealous, and said : "You never liked to before—not with me."

"I would now."

"All right."

She followed him to the juke box.

"A tango?" he asked.

"What ! You doing a tango !"

Briefly, there was a hint of laughter in her voice again as he pressed a coin into the slot and made his selection.

His hands caught her to him and they began to dance. The sounds of people talking suddenly died and under the pulsing throb of music, there was only the faint slide of light feet and the swishing rustle of her dress.

No one who watched them dance would forget the sight for a long time for, as the music gained speed and power, it became evident that this was not just a man dancing with his girl but two experts putting on a show—in some strange way, a contest as her body, light as the heated, rising air of the café, followed every move of a man dancing as he had written—as one possessed, until at last there was silence, broken only by a long, sighing gasp of appreciation from those who sat at the tables ringing the dance floor. He bowed slightly and there was mockery in his eyes as he said, "Thank you, Louise." The voice was deep and curiously vibrant, every word a clear, clipped sound.

At the table, as they tasted whisky, she said : "Yes, you have changed Luke. I came back to you in spite of your faults and I find that you've lost them."

He took two cigarettes and lit them, sliding one between her lips, automatically, as he had done when he knew her before.

"How did you know where I was?"

"Arthur Melrin told me."

And then he knew why it had all seemed wrong—why she had really come to him and he began to laugh, softly, bitterly, without mirth so that she stared at him bewildered as he said, "And he told you about the book, I suppose?"

"Why, as a matter of fact——"

"Of course." His hands reached out to grip the soft flesh of her arms, biting into the cool skin as he shook her while rage swept over him. "He told you about the book and you came running." He was shouting and the café's occupants watched as the cool, controlled man they knew gave way to emotion that he could not hold. But only for a minute before he released her to say quietly, with a scorn that drove her back against the back of her chair. "Why you. . . . And to think I've tried so hard to be your kind of man. Do you see that girl over there in the corner—the one in the red dress, sitting with the G.I.? And her—the blonde one. Why you're just the same as they are only they're more honest about it. The book—that was your price because it would buy you the kind of life you need."

"No Luke ! It's not like that at all." But he had risen and was making for the door.

"Luke !" she screamed, clutching at him but her weight, dragging at his clothes, could not slow his stride. "Let me talk to you."

He paused, then turned to look down at her, smiling at last, almost gently. "Go home Louise. Go home. I haven't changed enough for you. For a while I've been trying to be a kind of man that I could never really be. Maybe you do like me now but I don't like myself very much and that's no good."

As the door closed behind him, he could hear her sobbing before someone started to play "Baseball Boogie" on the juke box.

THE rain had turned into sleet and as the wind whipped his face with it and the cold pressed in through his clothes he knew that something had gone out of him. He wanted to go back to her but he kept on walking, his back straight, his feet sure on the slimy pavement. He smiled into the wind and hastened his stride until he reached De Keyserlei, the broad avenue running west from Antwerp's central railway station. Miniature streetcars, painted cream and coupled in pairs, rocked by and, as he dodged through traffic towards the opposite pavement, cars splashed mud at him.

He was free but there was little comfort in the knowledge for when a man has planned for one moment for as long as he had, there is only a feeling of emptiness when he discovers that there was nothing worth planning for at all.

People would read Luke Freeman's book but he doubted if there would ever be another for there was no reason to write now.

Quick feet tapped behind him, a woman's feet, but he did not look back. He was Luke Freeman and he was free again. A voice called his name, not a pleading voice but a strong, sure one, "Hey, Luke." It was Marie and realizing that it was only her he slowed until she caught up with him.

"Here's your raincoat. You're all wet."

"Yes, I am, aren't I. Thanks."

"Where are you going?"

He answered her with a question. "Shouldn't you be working?"

"Yes."

"I'd like to be alone please, Marie."

"You've been alone too long. You said you would take me out."

"I thought you didn't like tailors' dummies."

She laughed softly but the wind blew the laugh away as she caught his arm. "You don't look much like one, right now." As she fell into step with him, she said : "You waited a long time for a dream, didn't you Luke. I've been waiting, too—for the man I knew was under the gloss. I think I might find him now."

He looked down at her. "You know I really *am* wet; I wonder where we can find a fire."

Some time later, Marie said : "Don't brood, Luke. You did the right thing. You've been in love with an idea—not a woman."

"I'm not brooding; I'm thinking. I just thought of a very good idea for my next book."

END

1.4.51

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